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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

MR. BALDWIN announced on Tuesday in the House of Commons that the Government had decided to terminate the Trade Agreement with Russia, require the withdrawal of the Trade Delegation and Soviet Mission from London, and recall the British Mission from Moscow. "The legitimate use of Arcos," he added, "is unaffected by these decisions, and his Majesty's Government are prepared, whilst terminating the privileges conferred by Articles 4, 5, and 6 of the Trade Agreement, to make all arrangements necessary for ordinary trade facilities between the two countries." It is evident, however, that our trade with Russia must be seriously prejudiced, if not virtually destroyed, by the steps which have been taken. Apart altogether from the desire which the Soviet authorities will naturally feel to retaliate and to make British opinion regret what has been done, the suspension of intercourse, the very fact that Arcos has been raided and might be

raided again, and the general insecurity attaching to Soviet representatives in Great Britain, would tell heavily, from the most prosaic business standpoint, against selecting Britain as the source of supply for machinery and textiles which might be obtained elsewhere, or relying on London as an entrepôt centre. It is thus certain that, as the result of the Government's action, our industries will lose orders, and our business houses will lose commissions. What we shall gain is unfortunately not so clear.

* * *

It is not generally realized how our trade with Russia has developed during the last six years, nor how considerable its magnitude now is. Complete figures for 1926 are not yet available. For 1921-25 they are as follows:—

BRITISH TRADE WITH RUSSIA.

Year.	(£ millions.)			
	Imports.	Exports.	Re-exports.	Total.
1921	2.7	2.2	1.2	6.1
1922	8.1	3.6	1.0	12.7
1923	9.3	2.5	2.0	13.8
1924	19.8	3.9	7.2	30.9
1925	25.3	6.2	13.0	44.5

The above figures refer to goods actually consigned to or from the United Kingdom. In addition there is, of course, a considerable volume of purchasing conducted by Russian trade agencies in London which results in shipments direct to Russia from other countries overseas. It is worth noting that the volume of our direct trade with Russia, in 1925, was twice as large as that of our trade with Brazil or with Japan; £10 millions more than our trade with Sweden; and £5 millions more than our trade with Italy.

* * *

Our imports from Russia are mainly foodstuffs and raw materials. In 1925 we imported Russian butter to the value of £2.5 millions, eggs worth £1.3 millions, fish worth £1.3 millions, and grain to the value of £2.5 millions. Raw materials imported included hides and skins (£2.7 millions), timber (£5.7 millions, including pit-props and sleepers to the value of £0.7 millions), vegetable oilseeds (£0.5 millions), and manganese ore £0.2 millions). Petroleum (£2.3 millions) and platinum (£1.7 millions) are also important items. In return, we exported, principally, cotton goods to the value of £1.2 millions, machinery (£1.1 millions), woollens (£0.6 millions), and metal manufactures (£0.6 millions). Our entrepôt trade was very considerable, as the table above shows. It was mainly concerned with raw cotton (£5.3 millions), hides (£1.3 millions), rubber (£1.5 millions), and tea (£1.0 millions). These figures furnish some idea of the range of interests which will be seriously affected by the Government's decision; and the matter is the more serious inasmuch as such developments as the Midland Bank £10 millions credit indicated the probability that large Russian orders were about to be placed with British firms.

B

Somewhat distracted by the raid on Arcos and its consequences, the House of Commons has continued this week the discussion of the Trade Unions Bill in Committee under the guillotine. Clause 3, which deals with intimidation by pickets, has been passed, subject to the deletion of the words, "and accordingly the expression 'apprehension of injury' includes an apprehension of boycott or loss of any kind or of exposure to hatred, ridicule, or contempt." This amendment does not reduce the clause to a mere affirmation of the existing law. Sub-section 2 still states that "the expression 'injury' includes injury other than physical or material injury," and this, as Mr. Harney pointed out, gives a new meaning to the word "intimidation." Under the law to-day, to be chargeable with intimidation a man must do something that implies a threat of physical violence; under the Bill, he need only do something that implies a threat or apprehension of something other than physical or material violence. The courts will be left to interpret what that something is, and it seems likely that "hatred, ridicule, and contempt" will come within their definition of non-material injury.

* * *

One of the most important diplomatic incidents of recent years has been brought, almost unnoticed, to a satisfactory close, by an exchange of Notes between the British and United States Governments on the question of American claims against Great Britain in respect of acts committed during the late war, prior to American intervention. The text of the Notes has not yet been published; but it is understood that the American claims which, as originally stated, rose to colossal figures, have been reduced to a comparatively small sum, which will be set off against certain outstanding British claims on the United States, with the result that no money payment will be made on either side. It is further understood that the agreement has been reached without a sacrifice, by either country, of its juridical contentions. The news of this settlement will be received with great satisfaction by all who lay store on Anglo-American friendship. The original American claim involved questions relating to contraband and prize law, on which very strong views are held in both countries, and anything in the way of public controversy upon them might easily have led to serious ill-will. Further, in the very peculiar relations between the United States and the Allied Powers, there would undoubtedly have been bitter resentment in this country had the United States Government seemed to be pushing large monetary claims, of doubtful validity, against Great Britain. The settlement reflects very great credit on the representatives of the two Governments, who have been engaged for over a year in the joint examination of the claims, and on those who have negotiated the settlement itself.

* * *

The British Government cannot be blamed for withdrawing their representative from Hankow, which has sunk from the centre of Nationalist authority to the headquarters of a faction. Mr. Newton's note, announcing his withdrawal, was studiously correct in its reiteration of the British desire to renew the negotiations with any Chinese authorities capable of carrying out their side of an agreement. At the moment the obstacle to treaty revision is not any lack of goodwill on the part of the British Government, nor even the disunion of the Powers, but the difficulty of finding anyone with whom to negotiate. The present position is chaos worse confounded. The Yangtze basin has become a no-man's-land in which the two Nationalist wings are equally busy in fighting the Northerners and

fighting each other. But the Southern politicians and the Northern war-lords are far too much occupied with military movements and political reshufflings to care about treaty revision, except as a slogan useful to all parties, and such capable administrators as the "model tuchun" of Shansi—who has survived all the upheavals of the last few years—are too far from the storm centre, and too isolated politically, to affect the situation. Until some Government arises in the Yangtze basin which is not entirely composed either of fanatical doctrinaires or military bandits, the Powers are almost compelled to hold a watching brief.

* * *

The World Economic Conference concluded its labours at Geneva on Monday. The report accepted by the Conference on protective tariffs may perhaps be regarded as its most important and valuable product. After analyzing the causes of post-war "super-protectionism," this report makes a strong plea for a return to a general policy of freer international commerce. It recognizes that Customs barriers cannot be immediately abolished, but urges the Governments to take immediate steps to remove by successive stages those which gravely hamper trade. Commercial treaties on the basis of mutual, unconditional most-favoured-nation treatment are strongly advocated, and *tarifs de combat* are condemned. In view of the high protectionist doctrine that prevails in many of the countries represented, this unanimous expression of opinion is a noteworthy achievement. The advocacy of free trade was left mainly to the British, German, Dutch, and Scandinavian representatives, and the special correspondent of the TIMES pays a well-deserved tribute to the part played by Mr. Walter Layton, to whose "firmness and tact," he says, "so unequivocal a declaration in favour of the removal of tariff barriers" is largely due. The French, embarrassed by the new Tariff Bill now before the Chamber in their own country, adopted an attitude of extreme caution, and the Russians were with difficulty persuaded to abstain from voting against the final report of the Conference.

* * *

The appointments of Sir George Barstow to the Anglo-Persian Board, and of Sir Otto Niemeyer to a post in the Bank of England have attracted considerable comment, as though they were further instances of the tendency of the best brains of the Civil Service to pass into big business, in response to the attraction of higher salaries. In neither case, however, does this seem the appropriate comment. Sir George Barstow's is a Government appointment; he takes the place of Lord Bradbury, another ex-Civil Servant; and, so long as the Government connection with the Anglo-Persian Company is retained, it seems entirely proper that its nominees should be Civil Servants. Whatever the significance of Sir Otto Niemeyer's appointment to the Bank, it is certainly not that of an ordinary passing to outside business. Is it possible that the appointment supplies the answer to the riddle, which has long exercised the City, of who is to succeed the present Governor? The various new Civil Service appointments which were announced at the same time are exceedingly interesting. We have seen no comment on what is surely their most significant feature. Sir Richard Hopkins goes from the Inland Revenue to the Treasury; Sir Horace Hamilton from the Customs to the Board of Trade; Sir Ernest Groves from the Mines Department to the Inland Revenue; Sir Francis Floud from the Ministry of Agriculture to the Customs; Sir Charles Thomas from the Inland Revenue to the Ministry of Agriculture. These appointments, by which high Civil

Servants are placed in charge of departments in which they have not previously served, mark a new development in inter-departmental mobility, the results of which will be watched with interest.

* * *

The reduction of the "live register" figure to just on a million, to which we drew attention last week, provokes comparison between the unemployment position at the end of April and that of a twelvemonth earlier. No similar comparison, owing to the intervention of the coal stoppage, will be possible for some months. The necessary data are to be found in the current *LABOUR GAZETTE*. The number of "books lodged," which is normally about 50,000 in excess of the "live register" figure, was, on April 26th, 1926, 1.04 millions; on April 25th, 1927, it was 1.10 millions, the proportion of insured persons unemployed being 9.3 per cent. at the latter date, as compared with 8.9 at the former. But the composition of this army of a million odd persons seeking work has undergone considerable alterations. There is marked improvement in the iron and steel industries, where the proportion unemployed is now about 17.0 per cent., as compared with 20.0 per cent. a year ago; in shipbuilding (25.0 per cent. as compared with 34.0 per cent.); and in cotton (7.0 per cent. as compared with 10.0 per cent.). There is a smaller, but perceptible, improvement in engineering, in the clothing and food-producing trades, and in transport. In these and in their associated industries we are clearly making headway.

* * *

These gains, however, are in some degree offset by the troubles of the mining industry. A year ago, thanks to the subsidy, which in effect was an expensive device for keeping miners in work, unemployment in that industry was down to 8.0 per cent. To-day it stands at nearly 18.0 per cent. This problem of 220,000 unemployed miners—more than one-fifth of the whole "live register" population—does not diminish in insistence. The official figures show 114,000 of them as "wholly unemployed," and 104,000 as unemployed owing to "temporary stoppages." The distinction between the two classes is, however, largely an artificial one. No rapid improvement in the position seems possible—unless some quite unforeseeable expansion takes place in the world demand for coal. Some importance attaches to the proposals for voluntarily limiting the recruitment of mine labour. Plans designed to secure that unemployed miners shall have the first chance of employment in collieries elsewhere have long been under discussion. They have now, it is stated, been accepted "in principle" by both the Mining Association and the Miners' Federation. The employment exchanges are to provide the necessary machinery, and the good offices of the Ministry of Labour are to be made use of in regard to difficulties that may arise. The outflow of labour from coal-mining to other industries—as recent inquiries have shown—is very small; nevertheless, a scheme of this kind, if stringently enforced, should, in the course of a year or so, markedly improve the position.

* * *

Last week's negotiations between employers and employed in the engineering industry may be regarded as eminently satisfactory despite the fact that ostensibly a deadlock has been reached. The employers first repeated their offer of a year ago, namely, an advance of half-a-crown a week to all workers, subject to modifications in the rates for overtime and night shifts. This was once again refused by the unions, who replied with counter-proposals for a half-crown increase in July

without any qualifications, to be followed by a similar increase in September. The employers then proposed a two shillings advance to time-workers only as from August 1st, coupled with a provision that wages should be established for twelve months thereafter. This offer also was refused by the unions, but not before Mr. Brownlie of the A.E.U. had disclosed the fact that the unions would accept a single advance of half-a-crown if it applied to piece-workers as well as time-workers. The conference then concluded, but it is clear that the issue is now the relatively narrow one of whether the advance is to be two shillings or half-a-crown, and whether it is to apply to all workers or only to the time-workers. There is obvious and comfortable room for give-and-take by both sides, and it is to be hoped that the national conference of the unions, which will shortly be held, will not fail to reopen negotiations. The temper of the rank-and-file, however, is such that the union leaders will have no easy job in persuading them to be content with such a modest advance. The repercussions of these negotiations on those in the shipbuilding industry have yet to be seen, as the latter were adjourned for the employers to consider the unions' claim for a ten-shillings advance.

* * *

The Tangier negotiations between France and Spain have not yet definitely broken down; but they are not in a promising state. The Spaniards, it seems, have never ceased to claim a full protectorate over Tangier, and there is not the slightest chance of the French accepting this claim. The legitimate Spanish grievances relate to the policing of the zone, and can be met by extending the boundaries of the Spanish section. It is quite impossible to decide upon the merits of the French counter-proposals without further information about the conditions in the international zone during the recent campaign; but though their whole case hangs on this point, the Spanish Government have never taken the slightest trouble to inform the world upon the matter. This is the more singular as the fate of Tangier is a matter of international concern, and not merely a point at issue between France and Spain. The present impasse does not give a favourable impression of the workings of old-fashioned diplomacy as compared with the success of the League of Nations in tackling such a thorny problem as Mosul. The interested Powers have been very short-sighted in their persistent refusal to allow the League to have anything to do with Morocco.

* * *

At the Annual Meeting of the Navy League last week, the President, Lord Linlithgow, said, according to the *TIMES* report, that:—

"He for one could not pretend to quarrel with those who sought to lift from the shoulders of the nations the burden of armaments. He would welcome such relief, both as one who loved his country and as a taxpayer; but he would stipulate as one condition that other nations should disarm step by step with ourselves. . . ."

This was followed up on Tuesday at a League of Nations Union Disarmament Conference at the London School of Economics, when Captain Fanshawe, M.P., speaking on behalf of the Navy League, declared that he was in favour of the reduction of all future capital ships to a maximum size of 10,000 tons. This proposal, which has received support from both sides of the House of Commons and is now accepted by the Navy League, is on the same lines as Lord Jellicoe's suggestion for a further agreed reduction in the size of cruisers. It is a very welcome fact that a body like the Navy League should give its support to such a project. Incidentally, a useful avenue of approach is thus being opened up for the forthcoming Naval Disarmament Conference.

THE BREACH WITH RUSSIA

ON the strength partly of the discoveries which followed from the Moorgate raid, and partly of other information which Mr. Baldwin revealed to the House of Commons on Tuesday, the Government have decided to terminate the Trade Agreement with Russia, to require the withdrawal of both the Trade Delegation and the Soviet Mission from London, and to recall the British Mission from Moscow. Manifestly these are grave decisions, which must do material injury to British trade, and which are fraught with serious potentialities to international relations. Are they wise and reasonable decisions?

First, what of the discoveries brought to light by the raid? From one point of view, these discoveries are important. They implicate the Trade Delegation in illegitimate activities of espionage and propaganda. Two men were found in possession of documents (address lists, envelopes, and literature) which showed that they were acting as channels of communication for the propaganda of the Third International; and, as both of these men occupied positions of trust, one of them being "carrier of the diplomatic post between Chesham House and Soviet House," and being also in charge of the "subterranean photostat room" (which our police had reason to believe was used for the reception and reproduction of official British documents), the heads of the Trade Delegation cannot disclaim responsibility for their activities. The fact that Soviet House has thus, to quote Mr. Baldwin, "been habitually used as a clearing-house for subversive correspondence" is a new fact, at all events in the sense that it has not hitherto been publicly asserted or established.

This fact is relevant to the now minor issue of the propriety of the raid on the Delegation's premises. Clearly, the Trade Delegation, having been busy themselves violating the terms of the Trade Agreement, are not in a position to complain of any possible infraction of the immunities which that instrument confers upon them. Clearly, moreover, the police had some fairly solid information to go upon (they knew, for example, all about the location of the photostat room) before they undertook the raid. Finally, it can, we think, be reasonably argued that the raid and the discoveries entail one practical corollary. The special privileges which the Trade Delegation enjoy were originally granted before Great Britain had recognized the Soviet Government. They have become somewhat anomalous since the diplomatic Mission was established at Chesham House. Since it has now been revealed that the Trade Delegation have been abusing these privileges, and since the fact of the raid has deprived them of any substantial content, it would be a natural sequel that they should now be withdrawn. In short, having once decided to raid Soviet House, and having found there what they have found, the Government would hardly have gone beyond what the situation dictated, if they had confined themselves to giving notice to terminate the Trade Agreement, while announcing, as they

have done, their readiness to conclude a new one in which the privileges of Articles 4, 5, and 6 should have no place.

But, when we have said this, we have extracted every scrap of significance that properly attaches to Mr. Baldwin's revelations. And we are still a long way short of adequate justification for the very grave step of breaking-off diplomatic intercourse. If the discoveries at Soviet House were important in that they implicated the Trade Delegation, they were, in every other way, extremely unimportant. There was no evidence of any sort of new conspiracy or plot; or of anything but the old, familiar, stereotyped propaganda. Mr. Baldwin, indeed, gave prominence in his statement to the charge of espionage; and this, with the concomitant details of the subterranean room and the photostat apparatus, is probably what will most appeal to the melodramatic section of the public. But what sort of ground is this for a rupture of relations? Is it not notorious that all Governments practise espionage on one another? Why, only the other day Sir William Joynson-Hicks boasted, by implication, that the British Secret Service is as efficient as any in the world; and some of the documents which Mr. Baldwin was able to quote on Tuesday were evidence of the justice of this claim. No; the test of espionage would close almost every Embassy in every capital in Europe. It is on the propaganda that we must base our case against the Russians.

Now, for years past, we have known all about the propaganda. We have taken the measure of it. We have realized that while it was essentially an irritating futility in Great Britain, it was to be taken seriously in the Far East generally, and particularly in China. It is with this knowledge that the British Government have hitherto thought it wise to maintain diplomatic relations. Mr. Baldwin does not, indeed, pretend that the recent discoveries add anything, on the main issue, to what has long been known. His case is, rather, exhausted patience. The Government "have shown a patience and forbearance which is probably without a parallel in international relations." They have issued protests and warnings which have been disregarded, and the cup is now full.

As a formal case, this no doubt is adequate. But is it adequate in substance? What can our Ministers have hoped for when they were being patient and forbearing? They cannot seriously have expected that the Soviet authorities would suddenly turn over a new leaf, and outrage the Bolshevik creed by a stern suppression of the activities of the Third International. It has only been reasonable to hope that they would gradually think more and more of Russia and more and more of trade and less and less of the world-revolution, so that the propagandist activities would gradually dwindle into insignificance. And the great irony of the present situation is that, all Mr. Baldwin's disclosures notwithstanding, there is reason to believe that the recent trend in Russia has been strongly in this direction.

What, on the other hand, have been the reasons

why the Government have refused hitherto to break off relations? Sir Austen Chamberlain has stated them more than once in reply to Diehard critics. A breach, he argued on one occasion,

"would give us no weapon for fighting disorder or disloyalty or revolution within our own borders, would create division where we seek union and would in its echoes abroad increase the uncertainty, increase the fears, increase the instability of European conditions, which it is or might be our chief object to remove."

And again:—

"If we break off diplomatic relations with Russia we not only introduce a new and disturbing issue into our domestic politics, but we introduce a new and disturbing issue into European politics."

Have these considerations lost any of their force today? Perhaps one of them has—for the present Government. Perhaps they are no longer so anxious to avoid division where they once sought union, *i.e.*, in our class relations, and are disposed to welcome rather than deplore the "new and disturbing issue" in our domestic politics.

INTERPRETING CLAUSE ONE

WE publish this week a letter from Sir Walter Greaves-Lord in which he asserts that the illustration he gave in the House of Commons of a sympathetic strike which would be legal under the Trade Unions Bill is "entirely consistent" with Sir Douglas Hogg's answer to Mr. Lloyd George in the same debate. The matter is somewhat complicated, and, as we are unable to concede the point to Sir Walter Greaves-Lord, we think it best to elucidate it in a short article.

In the debate on Clause One, Sir Walter drew a distinction between two types of sympathetic strike; "one which is clearly a sympathetic strike, designed simply and solely to perfect the conditions in the original strike, and another which has nothing to do with the conditions of the original strike, but is designed to try to bring into the original dispute outside pressure of a totally different character." He then proceeded to give an illustration of the first type, by imagining a strike in which the employers "choose to make attempts to import that which they ordinarily produce in order to keep their business alive," and men in other industries say, "If that kind of thing goes on, this strike will be broken. Effective pressure will not be brought upon these particular employers, and, in these circumstances, we will refuse to handle these imported articles, or we will refuse to work if our employers buy these imported articles and allow these employers to continue their business." In such circumstances, concluded Sir Walter Greaves-Lord, "you would get a sympathetic strike which was designed purely and simply for the purpose of perfecting arrangements brought about by the strike. That, as I understand it, would not be touched in the slightest degree by this Bill."

Now there is one difficulty about this illustration; it requires that the employers whose men are on strike should themselves import the article which they normally produce. This is such an improbable hypothesis that we regarded it as being in the nature of a slip and did not dwell upon it in our note last week, but Sir Walter lays stress upon it, in his letter, as differentiating his illustration from that given by Mr. Lloyd George and discussed by Sir Douglas Hogg. "People who import coal during a coal strike," he says, "are not as a rule employers in the coal mines. Coal is imported by others not to benefit the coal owners, but to enable the community to carry on." That

is perfectly true, and we should be grateful to Sir Walter if he would give us a single instance of an industry in which the employers have attempted to break a strike by themselves importing the article which they normally produce, or in which they would be at all likely to take such action.

Fortunately, Mr. Lloyd George was alive to this element of confusion in Sir Walter Greaves-Lord's illustration, and he carefully framed his questions to Sir Douglas Hogg in such a way as to avoid it. Assuming that there was a coal strike, Mr. Lloyd George asked, first, whether it would be illegal for railwaymen to refuse to handle coal which was produced from the mines here, and, secondly, whether it would be illegal for them to refuse to handle coal imported from abroad. The first question should surely be on all fours with Sir Walter's illustration. What was Sir Douglas Hogg's reply? It was as follows:—

"If the effect of that would be, as I think it would be, to inflict such hardship on the community as to coerce the Government to intervene, the result would be that it would be illegal."

The legality or illegality of a sympathetic strike, in the opinion of Sir Douglas Hogg, thus depends upon its effects. If it inflicts such hardship as to coerce the Government it will be illegal under this Bill. If it does not, it will be legal. To do Sir Douglas justice he adhered strictly to this test throughout the debate, and in answer to another question immediately following that of Mr. Lloyd George, he emphasized the distinction:—

"The answer must be the same, that if the effect of the refusal [of coal carters to handle coal] was to inflict such hardship on the community as to coerce the Government, it would be illegal, but not otherwise. I should have thought that it would not be on such a very large scale that the refusal in the case mentioned by the hon. Member would result in such great hardship; but in the case of the railways, which has been mentioned, the refusal would be such that the conditions which I have mentioned would be fulfilled."

Sir Douglas Hogg's principle is perfectly clear, though a large measure of uncertainty remains as to how the courts would apply it to particular disputes. But the question is whether Sir Douglas Hogg's attitude is "entirely consistent" with that of Sir Walter Greaves-Lord, who concluded his illustration of a legal sympathetic strike with these words:—

"In these circumstances, a purely sympathetic strike, which is designed, not for the purpose of bringing any outside pressure but simply and solely to make a strike which is going on an effective strike, is not struck at by this Bill, although one realizes that in all these cases great hardship would be caused to the community."

In other words, Sir Walter argued, or appeared to argue, that the test of illegality was to be found in the motive of the strike, not in its effects; and he certainly appeared to suggest that if the motive was that which he conceived as proper to a sympathetic strike, namely, that of preventing the employers in the principal dispute from carrying on their business, the strike would not become illegal by reason of any hardship which it might cause to the community. We cannot see how this attitude can be reconciled with Sir Douglas Hogg's; and Sir Walter's letter has done nothing to enlighten us. May we ask him to make his meaning a little clearer on the positive side? He has not really given an illustration of a sympathetic strike which would be legal under Clause One, because the employers producing an article are not the people who would "import" it during a trade dispute. Will he supply us with an illustration, more in conformity with realities, of a sympathetic strike, causing (to use his own words) "great hardship to the community," which in his opinion would be legal?

THE END OF LOCARNO ?

PARIS, MAY 24TH, 1927.

WHEN one looks back at the high hopes raised by the meeting of M. Briand and Dr. Stresemann at Thoiry eight months ago and then looks round at the present situation in Europe, it is hard not to despair. One after another, since the failure of Mr. Lloyd George's splendid effort at Genoa, the hopes that we were at last nearing a regime of European co-operation have been dashed, and now the hope of Locarno and Thoiry has followed the others. This is the worst failure of all, both because Locarno seemed to have achieved something definite, and also because there is too much reason to think that we have now gone quite back to the methods of pre-war diplomacy. I fear that the award of the Nobel peace prize was premature.

The failure to follow up the Thoiry meeting was, of course, due in the first place to M. Poincaré—supported, it is only just to say, by the great majority of his Cabinet, including M. Herriot and M. Albert Sarraut. M. Briand, after his usual fashion, temporized and waited in the hope that conditions would change. They have changed only in the sense of going from bad to worse. M. Poincaré's speech at Bar-le-Duc on May 2nd suggested that M. Briand was finally defeated, and that the Thoiry policy was interred without much hope of a joyful resurrection. In that speech M. Poincaré announced a programme of reaction at home and abroad—attack on the unions of Government servants, "energetic repression" of Communist, anti-militarist, and autonomist propaganda, high Protection, more fortifications, no disarmament, no evacuation of the Rhineland, no reconciliation with Germany. It is now unhappily certain that M. Briand has abandoned the Thoiry policy, which was the immediate evacuation of the Rhineland—at a price. The fact is frankly avowed in French official circles, or rather it is frankly avowed that the French attitude towards Germany has stiffened. And it is highly probable that the reason of M. Briand's final defeat is that M. Poincaré has found unexpected support across the Channel.

For there is too much reason to believe that the change in the attitude towards Germany is one of the conditions of the revival of the Entente Cordiale, which in itself is incompatible with the Locarno agreement, the great value of which was that it substituted for a one-sided understanding between Britain and France an understanding between Britain, France, and Germany. It is remarkable that for the last few days the French Press has been saying that there is more concern in London than in Paris about recent manifestations of German Nationalism, the inference being that the British Government is now less disposed to make further concessions to Germany than the French. My interpretation of this evidently inspired statement is that Sir Austen Chamberlain has consented to a hardening of the Entente policy in regard to Germany in return for French support of British policy elsewhere, especially no doubt in regard to Russia. "Pertinax," who is usually well-informed, said the other day that, whereas Sir Austen Chamberlain was formerly of opinion that the Locarno agreements morally bound Britain and France to evacuate the Rhineland, he had now changed his mind on that point. If my hypothesis be correct, the anti-Bolshevik campaign has indeed compromised the peace of Europe.

If it be true that Sir Austen Chamberlain has thus sacrificed the Locarno policy to hatred of Bolshevik Russia, it is possible that he may find that the consideration that he has obtained for the sacrifice is not very valuable. France will no doubt support British policy in China, whatever it may be—at present it is by no means clear—but it seems improbable that France will break off diplomatic

relations with Russia. The official explanation here is that there will be no "contrast" between French and British policy in regard to Russia, which seems to mean that, while France will maintain the *status quo*, she will not adopt a policy in opposition to that adopted by England, as she did when the French Government recognized Wrangel. That would, of course, now mean abstention on the part of France from exploiting Anglo-Russian differences to her own advantage by entering into specially friendly relations with Russia. Perhaps M. Briand has given an undertaking that no French credits will be given to Russia. It would not be difficult for him to give such an undertaking, for there has never been any serious intention of agreeing to credits. We seem, however, to be far from that isolation of Russia which appears to be the present aim of British policy.

Moreover, an anti-Bolshevik policy is by no means popular in France. The Press of the Left deplors the possibility of a rupture of Anglo-Russian relations and insists that France must not follow the English example. The repressive measures against the French Communist Party decided on by the Government—perhaps partly to curry favour with the British—have had a severe check. The committee elected by the Chamber to report on the demand for the suspension of the parliamentary immunity of two Communist deputies, MM. Doriot and Vaillant-Couturier, in order that they may be prosecuted, is in the majority hostile to the prosecutions, and has elected a Socialist chairman and a Socialist-Communist "reporter." Moreover, the Chamber, by a narrow majority, decided to send demands for the prosecution of other Communist deputies to the same committee. M. Albert Sarraut's Communist "plot" is hanging fire, and the police are made ridiculous by their failure to arrest a Communist member of the Paris municipal council, who goes about publicly, writes letters to the papers, and even sends in written questions to the Council. When M. Poincaré spoke at Bar-le-Duc on May 2nd, he evidently thought that his position was so strong that he could impose his will on the Radicals. It now seems by no means sure that he was right. There have been several significant symptoms in the last fortnight of growing restiveness on the part of the Radical deputies. On the new Tariff the Government has been obliged to make concessions, and it has been defeated more than once in the Chamber on questions that did not, of course, involve confidence. It would be premature to say that the position of the Government is seriously threatened, but it is undoubtedly weakened, although it may yet last until after the general election. Only, however, if M. Poincaré makes concessions to the Left and avoids putting the question of confidence on dangerous subjects, and, of course, also avoids legal stabilization, so that the financial situation remains uncertain. That is his trump card. It is very doubtful whether his anti-Communist campaign will succeed. The other day, in a municipal by-election at Poissy, a suburb of Paris, the Radical candidates withdrew before the second ballot in favour of the Communists, who were elected by Radical votes. That was a foretaste of what is likely to happen at the general election. A new electoral Cartel, including the Communists, is in process of formation. It will be understood that in these circumstances the Radicals fight shy of Communist prosecutions.

In any case, however, the revival of the Entente Cordiale can only be mischievous, as its first-fruits already are. It is worse than a written alliance, as we should have learned by bitter experience, for it means undefined and therefore unlimited responsibilities. Before the war the Entente Cordiale was bad both for Britain and France. It led us inevitably into the understanding with Russia—and the war—and it must now lead us inevitably into an

entanglement with France's present allies, especially Poland. By becoming the Triple Entente, the pre-war Entente Cordiale bound France more closely to Russia and made her the hostage of Russia and Britain. She is now on the way to become the hostage of Britain and Poland. It is futile to say, as the *TEMPS* said last night, that the Entente Cordiale is not directed against any other Power. All such understandings are implicitly directed against some other Power. If not, they have no meaning. Worst of all, the revival of the Entente Cordiale implies the abandonment of the policy of Locarno. It is the opposite method—the method that led to the war. The method of Locarno would have led to peace, had it been persisted in.

It does not, of course, follow that the present phase will be permanent. There are now many people in France convinced that the greatest need of France is a close understanding with Germany, and that it is to her interest to be on good terms with Russia. They may ultimately prevail. Meanwhile, we have to face the deplorable probability that Sir Austen Chamberlain has allowed the anti-Bolshevik fanatics to drag him into a policy that endangers all the work for peace that has been done during the last two years.

ROBERT DELL.

DUTCH-BELGIAN RELATIONS

[We have received various complaints from Dutch circles that some recent comments in *THE NATION* on the rejection of the Dutch-Belgian Treaty failed to do justice to the Dutch case. We accordingly publish, below, an article by Professor Geyl, setting out the Dutch view of the matter.—ED., *NATION*.]

THE Dutch-Belgian Treaty, which the Dutch First Chamber (or Senate) rejected on March 24th by a decisive majority (38-17), had been signed at The Hague in April, 1925, but it had been negotiated in 1919 and 1920, and it was the recollection of the circumstances in which it had been evolved that more than anything else turned Dutch public opinion against it when it came to be examined in the different atmosphere of to-day.

No sooner was, after the Armistice, the Belgian Government reinstalled at Brussels than the Belgian Press opened a violent campaign against Holland. The excited nationalism by which at that moment Belgian public opinion was chiefly inspired, urged it to be the victors' duty not merely to restore Belgium to the position of 1914, but to revise the settlement of 1839 by which the Belgian State was created. Post-war Belgium would hear of guaranteed neutrality no more, and the provision that Antwerp was not to be used as a port of war was to go with the guaranteed neutrality. It could be justly argued that these alterations in Belgium's status were directly consequent upon the events of 1914, and they needed the consent both of the Guaranteeing Powers of 1839 and of Holland. Holland was from the beginning willing to discuss them, although it was thought strange that the Allies of Versailles assumed the right to speak for the original guarantors. But the Belgian request to take in hand the revision of the 1839 settlement went a good deal further. While the Belgian Government refused to enlighten the Dutch Government as to the precise nature of its desires, it insisted at Versailles that the whole of the Dutch-Belgian Treaty of 1839, which regulated the regime of the waterways common to the two countries and on which their territorial status rested, should be thrown into the melting pot. The new Belgium was to be strengthened at the expense not only of Germany but of her northern neighbour.

It is small wonder that Holland refused to accept this view of the situation. When the Great Powers invited her to Paris in order to discuss a revision of the 1839 treaties, Mr. Van Karnebeek, her Foreign Minister, stated expressly that a revision in the sense of a retracing of the Dutch-Belgian frontier in accordance with new principles was out of the question. At the same time he professed himself willing to co-operate in order to remove grievances of an economic nature, giving it as his opinion that this could best be done—as it had been done on many occasions since 1839—by negotiations between the two countries immediately concerned.

These views prevailed. On June 4th, 1919, the Great Powers left the questions at issue between Holland and Belgium to their private negotiations, ruling expressly that in those negotiations "no transfer of territorial sovereignty and no imposition of international servitudes was to be considered."

The diplomacy of M. Hymans had suffered ignominious defeat, but it was still M. Hymans who was in charge of Belgian foreign policy while the negotiations ran their course. Everybody knew that he had not given up his aims and would try, in spite of the Great Powers' decision, to get them, directly or indirectly, whole or in part, embodied in the treaty. M. Van Karnebeek, on his part, considered that his success of June 4th, 1919, did not absolve him of the need for great caution. If Britain and the United States had managed to control France once—for that is how the decision of June 4th, 1919, was explained, the intimate relations between the ruling party in Belgium and France being no secret—it was not sure that they would be able to do so again. Even apart from that he was honestly convinced that it would be wise policy to exorcise the anti-Dutch spirit by establishing a definite friendship with Belgium. His policy, therefore, was, while of course safeguarding the integrity of Dutch territory, to be accommodating on everything else.

In March, 1920, a treaty had been agreed upon by the Dutch and Belgian delegations. Its signature was expected, when suddenly Belgium broke off the negotiations, accusing Holland of having raised a fresh claim, viz., to the sovereignty over the Wielingen channel (the southernmost of the channels that lead from the mouth of the Scheldt into the open sea, running along the Flemish coast). There had, however, been nothing new in the Dutch claim, which was no more than a formal reservation of ancient rights, balanced by a similar statement on behalf of Belgium. In fact, this procedure had been concerted between the two delegations, and the breaking-off of the negotiations came as a complete surprise to the Dutch. The explanation that gained currency in Holland was that M. Hymans, fearing the disappointment of his annexationist supporters, used the Wielingen as a pretext to keep the question open indefinitely until something would turn up that might still enable him to carry out the full programme.

The Europe of 1920 still was a land of infinite possibilities. But gradually it was seen to settle down, and the chances of an adventurous policy grew less and less. So in 1925, M. Hymans intimated to Mr. Van Karnebeek that he would take what he could have had in 1920 after all. The Wielingen difficulty was not mentioned any more, and the treaty was signed.

Owing to the slowness of Dutch parliamentary procedure, it was subjected to two years of searching criticism before, after just scraping through the Second Chamber, it came finally to grief in the First Chamber. What has been told of its early history may explain why the temper in which it was scrutinized was so suspicious and could easily

be made so hostile. The *vitium originis*, as it was dubbed, of the treaty according to its critics appeared mainly in two ways.

First of all traces of the original attempt on Dutch sovereign rights were detected in an obscure sentence relating to the Belgian claim of a right of passage for Belgian warships over the Dutch Scheldt in time of war. Read in conjunction with the abolition of the article barring Antwerp from ever becoming a port of war this was sufficiently disturbing. When M. Vandervelde avoided a direct reply to questions put to him by a Flemish Nationalist member of the Belgian Chamber, and designed to give him an opportunity to allay Dutch suspicions, the impression created in Holland was very unfavourable. The question has, of course, nothing to do with Antwerp's commercial requirements, which can be fully satisfied without—in accordance with the views of the Great Powers—touching Holland's sovereign rights. Nor is it merely an academic question. Nothing would make it more difficult for Holland to maintain her neutrality in case of a war in which Belgium was engaged than the existence of any doubt as to the extent of her rights and duties as the sovereign of the lower Scheldt.

Secondly, as regards the economic clauses of the treaty, undoubtedly some of the criticism was inspired by a somewhat narrow spirit of commercial rivalry, which looked upon any concession to Antwerp's desires as a threat to Rotterdam or Amsterdam. But what shocked public opinion as a whole was the one-sided nature of the treaty, which hardly contained anything but concessions to Belgium, leaving questions in which Holland might have claimed some favour, the removal of some discrimination or inequality, unsolved. The supporters of the treaty spoke much of the need for establishing friendly relations with Belgium. The opponents expressed doubts whether friendly relations could be bought by one-sided concessions, especially when the other party had resorted to threats and political pressure of a highly objectionable character to obtain them.

The story unfolded thus far no doubt is a depressing one. There are grounds to hope, however, that a fresh start will now be possible which will lead to a sounder settlement. Now that a clean break has been made with the bad days of 1919 and 1920, Dutch public opinion will undoubtedly support a policy of a fair and friendly deal with Belgium on a basis of reciprocity. Wild exaggerations, or rather distortions, have often been advanced concerning Antwerp's sufferings under the regime of 1839. Under that regime, which guaranteed it free navigation on a Scheldt which was to be kept in a good state, Antwerp has grown to be one of the biggest continental ports. Holland has carried out its obligations to the full. Yet the desire of Belgium to have her control over the peace-time regime of the river strengthened is intelligible. The projected Moerdijk canal, which was to improve Antwerp's connection with the Rhine, roused the fears of powerful Rotterdam interests, yet public opinion as a whole might readily accept it if it were presented as part of a scheme for the all-round improvement of communications. The rejection certainly does not mean an unwillingness on the part of Holland to consent to the abolition of the 1839 articles relating to the neutrality of Belgium and the port of Antwerp, or to come to an economic understanding with Belgium, still less a desire to abuse her geographical position to the detriment of her neighbour.

The sequel will largely depend on Belgium herself. Inevitably the rejection has caused disappointment in that country. It has even led to a recrudescence of annexationist talk. There have been demonstrations. A Belgian aeroplane has flown over Maastricht dropping annexationist

leaflets. Fortunately, however, there does not seem to be any danger now that the Belgian people or Government will allow themselves to be infected with that spirit. It has been the mistake of Antwerp to trust to political pressure to obtain legitimate economic advantages. Now that the first soreness over the vote of the Dutch Senate has passed, there are gratifying signs that the mistake will not be repeated. Mr. Vos, the leader of the Flemish Nationalist Party, himself an Antwerp deputy, has publicly laid the blame for the shipwreck of the treaty on the incomplete disavowal by the Belgian Foreign Secretary of the ambiguity of its aims. Once negotiations are resumed between the two countries on a footing of equality and—apart from the neutrality and Antwerp port of war questions—with nothing but the removal of economic obstacles in view, it ought not to be impossible to evolve a settlement satisfactory to both.

P. GEYL.

AT ST. STEPHEN'S ARCOS AND CHAOS

(BY OUR PARLIAMENTARY CORRESPONDENT.)

INTO the midst of the dreary wrangle concerning the Government declaration of war on trades unions there has suddenly been spatchcocked, without warning, first a mysterious raid surrounded by all the accompaniments of a detective story, and then an unexpected announcement of the breaking off of all diplomatic and commercial relations with Russia. On Tuesday the House was packed from floor to ceiling. Members apparently of all nations, black, white, and yellow, crowded into the galleries and listened to Mr. Baldwin's long and rather involved statement of the crimes which had led to this Government decision. Unfortunately, the debate is not until Thursday, and therefore too late for comment in this week's issue.

Although the Tories had come down expecting the announcement of the breaking of all relations with Russia, and defiantly to cheer the same, I think they were a little disappointed; as Mr. Baldwin read his long and complicated concoction of various deeds done, the results were not so sensational as they desired, and therefore not so applicable to electoral advantage. They poured triumphant and derisive cheers against the silent Labour benches, who, it must be confessed, maintained an admirable restraint. The atmosphere was so tense that if the Labour men had attempted interruptions there might very well have been a free fight on the floor of the House. Why is it that when a Tory Party turns into a mob it appears so much more unpleasant than when a Labour Party does so? Perhaps because one expects more restraint from the sleek, well-dressed, wealthy gentlemen of England than from men who have painfully fought their way up from mine or factory. Mr. Baldwin read with great rapidity a complicated farrago of accusation, in which it was almost impossible to dissect out the component parts. At one time we were dealing with the Russian Secret Service trying to obtain military documents. Every nation in the world maintains a Secret Service trying to obtain military documents of others, and every nation repudiates its agents in this work when discovered. And, in any case, what conceivable advantage could be obtained for any nation from China to Peru by the perusal of any documents produced by the present British War Office? Then we passed from documents said to have been discovered in the blowing to pieces of Arcos to documents purporting to be issued from Moscow and having nothing to do with the Arcos raid at all; to "subversive propaganda," to be conducted by negroes and Hindoos among British sailors (it would be interesting to learn how many negroes and Hindoos survived the voyage in which this knowledge was being imparted); to requests from England for news—not, as has been stated, for faked news, for faked news could be produced in any office in London to an unlimited extent—concerning incidents in China, which could be distributed

to the I.L.P. and the DAILY HERALD. There seemed to me to be an intolerable deal of bread for so little sack. For the essential facts were known to everyone before the raid began. Mr. Baldwin had to confess, in question and answer, that the document sought had not been found in the raid, although there were melodramatic stories of the police finding a room without a handle to the door, the room being unlocked on demand, and an individual found inside burning papers. Last week, when Sir William Joynson-Hicks described the plot of an Edgar Wallace novel, the House greeted the whole affair with hilarity. The lost document, the sleuth-hounds from Scotland Yard, the mysterious concrete chamber which had to be blown up with dynamite or penetrated with oxy-acetylene gas, the sliding panels and secret safes, and all the "properties" would make even the fattest boy's flesh creep. But the House as a whole took it with tranquillity, regarding it as only Sir William Joynson-Hicks "Jixing," as he has done before, in style so foolish and self-satisfied as almost to disarm criticism. But during the week gossip and rumours had been intensified possibly for malicious purposes. The Tories were led to expect such things as arrangements for a vast Communist uprising, the tampering with the Army, the murder of the King or members of the Government, or, what perhaps they specially desired, letters revealing monetary payments to leaders of the Opposition; so that the end came as something of an anti-climax, and a few realized that we were not giving punishment or exhibiting sulkiness in return for "subversive propaganda" or secret agents in China (for I suppose we also have Borodins in China whom we are prepared to repudiate, or if we have not, ought to have), but we had at last taken an irrevocable step, for better or worse, in, alone among the great nations of Europe, cutting ourselves off from Russia, and thus, in all probability, changing the history of the world for the next ten or twenty years.

The House immediately emptied, every member desiring to discuss the situation with his neighbour, and every member, so far as I could see, perplexed and confused and inquiring, "What do you think of it?" instead of saying, "What I think is —" One of the most prominent moderate and anti-Communist Labour leaders asked me if I had ever heard such "tripe" as the Baldwin declaration. Some members seemed to be profoundly impressed, and thought that the Government had made out a case for a destruction of relations that the country would support; these perhaps being unfamiliar with the statements made by Sir Austen Chamberlain and Lord Balfour in the last few months concerning the wisdom or unwisdom of cutting the thin-spun threads represented by the Trade Agreement and diplomatic representation. Other members went no further than to state that the Government had made out a case for the raiding of Arcos and the Trade Delegation, which would justify a detective raid which had filled the OBSERVER with astonishment. The triumphant die-hards were, of course, exultant at this consummation, just as the triumphant advocates of war upon the French Republic were exultant a century ago at an effort to suppress the Revolution, which Mr. Churchill attempted to emulate a few years ago by an invasion of Russia by the armed forces of the Crown. I found it difficult, however, to obtain from them any coherent answer about what is to happen in the future. The general idea seemed to be "This will teach them a lesson"; that the boycotting of Russia is a satisfactory reprisal for the evils we have suffered in China; or, among the more sanguine, that this smashing of trade and breaking of relations would bring the whole Soviet system toppling to the ground. But, of course, I can only give here description and gossip. I must leave it to others to declare whether the act has been foolish or wise.

These remarkable happenings have been embedded in the debates on the various successive clauses under the guillotine of the Trade Unions Bill, which are interesting to those with technical knowledge, but have long since become of infinite boredom to the majority in the House of Commons.

Last Monday, from the commencement of business to past the dinner-hour, I doubt if I ever saw more than forty Government supporters in the House at one time; and through prolonged intervals the number sank to half that

figure. Yet the subject was not without importance; the extension of the definition of intimidation from threats of violence or breach of the peace, to the apprehension of what Mr. Kruger once termed "mental and moral damage." So that as in one joyful interruption by Mr. Thomas, if his wife states that she will no longer ask to tea the wife of a "blackleg" (or, in Miss Wilkinson's synonym, a "Douglas Hogg"), she can immediately be hauled before the magistrates and clapped into gaol. "That depends, however," was the pleasant retort of "Jix," "on the quality of the tea." Jix's taking command of the Bill is certainly an enormous improvement on the performances of the deplorable Douglas Hogg, who, with the best will in the world, and with a perpetual smile, and the obvious indifference of the lawyer to anything but to succeed in his job, drove the Labour Members into a state of perpetual irritation; partly by lack of any human element; partly by the knowledge that he was doing the clean or dirty work of an Attorney-General, indifferent to whether it was clean or dirty; partly by his obvious determination to refuse all arguments and to jam the thing through in the same spirit as if he was jamming through a contract for coal. No one would accuse "Jix" of excessive intelligence or judgment, but he is a jocund spirit, very well satisfied with himself, with whom it is impossible to feel angry. He answered ragging with ragging; if he laughed he was also the cause of laughter in others, and, in fact, showed the qualities that are more appropriate to Parliament than the police court. The men who are making their names this week are the same as last: Mr. Thomas, extraordinarily ingenious as a trade-union leader, Sir Henry Slesser with points of law which, if not unanswerable, are certainly not answered, Mr. Harney, who is increasing his reputation every day, and Captain Garro-Jones and Mr. Hopkin Morris in driving home good points.

All parties realize that the controversy is over, as far as Parliament is concerned, and must flow out from the House of Commons debate on to ten thousand platforms and ten million leaflets, more or less distorted on one side or the other. Both seem confident of the asset which the Bill provides. A prominent Tory Diehard declared to a friend of mine that the apathy of the country towards the Government is so great that if an election were held immediately without the complications of a three-cornered fight, the Tories would not return fifty men to the House. Organized war is now being declared upon organized Labour at home and upon the largest congeries of nations abroad. Perhaps the effect of inflaming class hatreds in the one case and creating a hazardous and dangerous situation in international affairs may not be too big a price to pay for the continuance of Mr. Baldwin in office.

LIFE AND POLITICS

MR. BALDWIN'S announcement of the finds at Arcos was certainly an anti-climax after the blood-curdling anticipations of the anti-Russian Press. I think most people were surprised that there was so little in this Joanna Southcott's box. No reasonably informed person thought that the raid would not produce evidence of revolutionary propaganda, for that is as much a part of the Russian official activities as Protection, say, is of those of our own Board of Trade—and everyone knows it. To ask Communist officials here, or anywhere else, to refrain from propaganda is like asking publicans to refrain from selling gin. It is their job. The Diehards are naturally in rapture; some moderate Tories think a mistake has been made, but they are loyal, and are convinced that Mr. Baldwin has produced an irresistible cry for a campaign in the country. There are Conservatives who are alive to the fact that by this indiscriminate labelling of all Russians as anti-British intriguers the Government has helped the extremists of Moscow to consolidate Russian sentiment against us. The Labour Party has avoided the fire of a

vote of censure, but will probably find that an inquiry is only the frying-pan. "Inquiry" has sinister associations for them. The Liberal line, I take it—I have no knowledge of the official decision—will be to execrate, as we all do, the cunning propaganda of Soviet House, while deploring the breach as a set-back to peace and a needless disturbance of trade. This is at any rate the feeling of reasonable people one meets. A common criticism of the busy plotters is that they are the clumsiest intriguers in the history of revolutionary enterprise. Their simple faith in the protection of safes and a mask of innocent trading was childlike. They seem to have made the usual mistake of underrating the counter-cunning of our extremely expert police and Secret Service.

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The Powers at Geneva will be driven in the end, I believe, to some such sensible reform of the electoral system as the Norwegian Government are advocating on behalf of the Scandinavian countries. The difficulties and dangers of what may be called election by negotiation are likely to increase in the near future. The Dominions are not satisfied with their position now that the constitutional revolution has altered their status, and sooner or later something must be done to meet the claims of Asia. The bargaining which preceded the last election of the non-permanent members of the Council left an unpleasant impression. As one of the multitude of ordinary folk who cling with desperation to the League as the only bit of shelter in sight against the storm of another, perhaps the final, Armageddon, I am anxious lest Geneva should repeat the worst vices of the old diplomacy. It is the last place in the world where great issues should fall to be settled by backstairs bargaining. Unless anyone can produce anything better, I am for the Norwegian plan of using the single transferable vote. I believe it would do what is wanted, namely, ensure to each great racial and geographical group its due and equal representation on the governing body, and this as a matter of right and justice, and not as the result either of dictation or arrangement.

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A Scottish correspondent sends me the report of a Labour meeting in the East Aberdeenshire division which seems to deserve a wider publicity. The candidate there is Mr. MacCallum Scott, who was once a Liberal. At this meeting he was asked by a supporter "whether it was not possible, in order to have a united front at the next election, that the Labour Party and the Liberal Party should come to some measure of agreement so as to avoid splitting the vote" (the anti-Conservative vote) "in three-cornered contests, and finding a common policy?" To this Mr. Scott is reported to have replied, "It is a consummation devoutly to be wished." So far as I know this is the first time that a Labour candidate has taken this line. It is indeed a consummation devoutly to be wished that Labour and Liberalism should work out a common policy. It is impossible because Mr. Scott's leaders are violently opposed to anything of the kind. I shall watch with interest to see whether Mr. Scott is repudiated by Mr. MacDonald. If he is not this simple remark at an obscure meeting may turn out to be of some importance.

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The serious argumentation at the League of Nations' Disarmament Conference was enlivened the other day by what the newspapers in their slang call a scene. It was interesting as illustrating a point of perpetual difficulty in all these discussions. What amount of authority ought to be attached to the expert *qua* expert when economists are pressing for a reduction in expenditure on fighting ships?

The Conservative "patriot," of course, inclines to the view, which is based on emotion and tradition as much as on reason, that what the sailors at the Admiralty say is everything. If they say more and more ships are wanted, let no mere pacifist dogs bark. It is the attitude of the mediæval Churchman to Rome. It is curious to note that the most marked revolt from this attitude at this Conference comes precisely from naval men who know these experts as it were domestically—from the converted Admirals, so to say. It was one of these who caused the "liveliness" by the perfectly commonplace reflection that the naval expert, from the very circumstance of his early specialization, is totally unfitted with the necessary knowledge and experience to take a balanced view of armaments—their importance or otherwise in the broad political sense. They have the same simple and touching belief in armaments that the cobbler has in leather. Anyone who has enjoyed much of the company of sailors knows that away from their trade, which they know supremely well, their mentality is commonly of an engaging schoolboyish quality—not the quality most wanted in this connection. I do not think it is a sign of disrespect for the Navy—we are all enormously proud of it—to refuse to be bullied by the expert, and this applies whether the expert sits in the Admiralty, the War Office, on the Judge's Bench or anywhere else. He needs the perpetual corrective of the wider view.

* * *

I am rebuked with some severity by Sir Albion Richardson for venturing to assert that there are judges who are "notoriously prejudiced in any case where the interests of their class are challenged." I am afraid I am quite unrepentant. I was discussing the Trade Unions Bill, which, as everyone knows, allows very wide powers of interpretation to judges and magistrates in matters of first-rate concern to the lives and liberties of workers. That is a bad thing in itself; it may be positively dangerous when, as everyone knows also, there is widespread distrust among those workers of some of the Judges. Whether this distrust is or is not unfounded is a question which I would prefer to have answered *in public* by someone who is not an eminent lawyer. I have noted that in the freedom of conversation lawyers are apt to be really instructive on this subject of judicial impartiality. For myself, I repudiate the implied claim that the judges are to be treated as above criticism. Some give fair judgments in "class" as in every other kind of case; others notoriously are unable to forget they are human beings with powerful prejudices. We all know from history what happens to an institution which claims an infallibility that is not within the scope of any human class, sect, body or profession. The judges, I think, stand to benefit from perfectly free and unfettered criticism. My assailant may be assured that if we are all expected to prostrate ourselves in indiscriminating adoration of the perfect fairness of *all* judges as such, then we simply cannot manage to do it—at any rate, those of us ordinary folk who have read a little history, ancient and quite contemporary.

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I have been enjoying the lively little book on Disraeli by M. André Maurois, which is not yet translated. It is an appetizing bit of Parisian confectionery. It is in amusing contrast with the last life of Disraeli which I read—the careful, reverential, and relatively pedestrian tribute of Sir Edward Clarke. M. Maurois is careful about nothing but picturesque effect, he is impishly free from reverence, and he flits on bright wings over his scene. He is, moreover, full of harmless malice. His portrait of Gladstone, for instance, is the caricature of a pietist by a knowing and tolerant worldling. His malice towards Disraeli is purely literary—mockery is the fashion in these things. M.

Maurois clearly sympathizes with the victim of his dexterous irony. This writer has a well-deserved reputation as an interpreter of the English spirit to the French, to whom we are, now as always, mysterious and irrational beings. M. Maurois understands English ways; his picture of the political and social background of Disraeli—against which he struts like the Hughenden peacocks—is wonderfully accurate. I do not think he has spelt more than one English name incorrectly, a real achievement in a French book. (But does M. Maurois really suppose that Disraeli's pet name for his wife was "pups"?) At the same time, I fancy that what attracts him in Disraeli is his intense un-Englishness. He has seized joyously upon a type made to the hand of a mocking, intelligent, and completely detached writer, who happens to be a master of picturesque manipulation of his material. A pretty little book.

* * *

"Singularly moved" like the poet "to love the lovely that is not beloved," I will devote a few lines to the praise of Sheffield, that strange, gaunt city, where I have spent a short holiday. To begin with, Sheffield, like Rome, is built on hills—more than seven, I think—and no town built on hills is without beauty. To the superior Southerner the name of the place connotes everything that is smoke-dried and squalid, but I cannot allow this, perhaps because I am myself an inferior Northerner. I wish Mr. Bennett had arisen in Sheffield rather than in the far tamer Potteries to do justice to the wild romance of the place. I will affirm that it has the most exciting residential quarter of any great town—a sort of garden city of Victorian magnates; with quiet leafy lanes as steep as in some Italian hill town, embowering great mansions built as for eternity of stone; houses more enduring than the steel-bred wealth of many famous "masters" of the past. There is a characteristic surly solidity about these palaces of the steel and cutlery kings not to be paralleled elsewhere. I know of no other industrial city that is so easy to escape from. It has the Derbyshire moors for its back garden: there is wild beauty unchanged from the beginnings of history within a stroll of a tram terminus. It is a place of surprises. You climb a hill, go to the end of a slummy street, and there spread out like a map are the little rivers, which turned the grindstones for Sheffield knives in Chaucer's time and earlier, with the ridges like outstretched fingers. You may still find very rarely in the recesses of the valleys men grinding knives by hand as their ancestors did centuries ago, surviving with Yorkshire persistence into the era of mass production.

KAPPA.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CLAUSE I. OF THE TRADE UNIONS BILL

SIR,—It is somewhat amusing to find that you appear to think the illustration I gave as to a legal strike, quoted at length by you in your issue of May 21st was on all fours with the illustration given by Mr. Lloyd George in his question to the Attorney General.

The fact is my illustration and Sir Douglas Hogg's answer were entirely consistent.

In the case I gave the sympathetic strike would be directed solely to putting pressure on the employer in whose industry the strike was proceeding. In the coal case the circumstances are entirely different. People who import coal during a coal strike are not as a rule employers in the coal mines. Coal is imported by others not to benefit the coal owners, but to enable the community to carry on. A refusal to handle so-called "black leg coal" puts no pres-

sure on the coal owners, it puts direct pressure on the community and is therefore within the mischief aimed at.

I think if critics would keep in mind the distinction between pressure on employers and pressure on the State through the community there would be less confusion.—Yours, &c.,

WALTER GREAVES-LORD.

[We reply to this letter in an article on another page.—ED., NATION.]

THE IMPARTIALITY OF THE JUDGES

SIR,—As a subscriber to THE NATION since its first issue, may I express my astonishment—which I think will be shared by most of your readers—at the attack upon His Majesty's Judges which your contributor makes in your issue of May 7th in "Life and Politics"?

He says: "I think myself that the conventional assumption that the Judges are impartial is more comfortable than it is true. Some of them are notoriously prejudiced in any case where the interests of their class are challenged."

In the catena of calumny—to which the hired agitators of the Communist Party resort for their stock-in-trade—this particularly atrocious libel has long been accorded a favoured place; but it is the first time that I have seen it published or given credence to in a reputable journal written by and for educated people.

All who have had practical experience of the administration of justice in our courts know that the charge you make is as false as it is mischievous. But, unfortunately, they represent only a small portion of the community.

Might I suggest that you would be doing a greater service to the nation, in its wider sense, if, instead of inspiring large masses of ignorant people with a distrust in the honour and integrity of the Bench, you employed your literary talents in vindicating an institution which, in days that are not far distant, may well prove to be the last bulwark of popular liberty and the one safeguard which will be left to the citizen against the illegal encroachment upon his freedom of a corrupt and tyrannical executive.—Yours, &c.,

ALBION H. RICHARDSON.

3, King's Bench Walk, Temple.

[“Kappa” refers to this letter in “Life and Politics.”]

CONFLICTING OPINIONS

SIR,—May one suggest that while a little prior consultation between the various members of THE NATION staff might decrease the amusement to be obtained from their articles, it could hardly fail to increase their value to your readers?

We might, for instance, be spared such an extraordinary difference in the appraisal of the value of the Labour opposition to the T.U. Bill as occurs this week between your Parliamentary Correspondent—who ought to be in a position to know—and “Kappa.” For example, the former, in his long, almost eulogistic account, says “that Labour is putting up a better intellectual opposition to the Bill than any that has been heard for the last few years,” and that “Labour was wise to walk out” when the guillotine motion was proposed and “returned rightly on Tuesday”; while the latter considers that “they have muffed one opening after another,” made “the childish demonstration of walking out of the House, and coming back next day with their tails between their legs,” and “the Labour Party is seriously wanting in men who will take the trouble to put in the research and labour necessary to maintain an effective and continuous fight.”

When two such prophets fail to agree, what is the plain man to think?—Yours, &c.,

J. M. MARCUS.

1917 Club, Gerrard Street, W.1.

May 22nd, 1927.

[We were fully alive to the difference of opinion between our Parliamentary Correspondent and “Kappa” as to the effectiveness of Labour tactics on the Trade Unions Bill. Our contributors were obviously expressing their individual opinions on the matter, and we venture to think that their genuine views are of more interest to our readers than the stereotyped expression of an agreed formula.—ED., NATION.]

THE "ADVERSE" TRADE BALANCE

SIR,—In your valuable summary of news you give the money value of the imports and exports for April, which in round figures are as follows:—

Imports	£100,000,000
Exports	£64,000,000
Balance	£36,000,000

This you call "the visible adverse trade balance for April." Why do you use the word "adverse"? The balance pays for our shipping, the experience and skill of our merchants, the good finance of our bankers and bill brokers, the interest on our foreign investments. You also give the balance for the first four months of this year, about £155,000,000. If we do as well for the next eight months we shall have got £465,000,000 to pay for our work and skill in trading, finance, and investing. If the balance had been the other way and our exports exceeded our imports by a similar amount we should be on the high road to ruin.—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD LUPTON.

[The expression "adverse trade balance" is, of course, the recognized technical expression to describe an excess of exports over imports; and we use it as such. It is a pity, we agree, that the adjective should be so tendentious. There is nothing necessarily disquieting in an "adverse balance." On the contrary, as a long-period proposition, we agree that a large "adverse balance" is more often a sign of prosperity than of danger.

Short period alterations in the trade balance are, however, another matter. During the last year or two, there have been solid grounds for regarding an abnormally large "adverse" balance with misgiving and for welcoming any tendency for it to diminish. The point is, of course, the doubt as to whether the "adverse balance," swollen by such factors as the cessation of coal exports during last year's stoppage, has not been larger than could be accounted for by our trading profits, &c., and might not entail a drain of gold, leading to credit restriction and trade depression.—ED., NATION.]

FLYING SHIPS

SIR,—I was greatly interested to read in your issue of the 14th instant Major Oliver Stewart's powerful advocacy of the large flying boat as a commercial vehicle. With the main contentions of his article I am fully in agreement, but for some reason unknown he seems particularly incensed against the small cabins of modern commercial aeroplanes, and I do not think his invective is justified or borne out by those who have had considerable experience as travellers on the air lines. Be that as it may, more room is undoubtedly desirable, and the large flying boat will easily supply this demand. Not only will its hull have several decks, but in the thick wings there will be enormous space available.

On the score of actual efficiency also the flying boat is no second string. Even to-day it has a performance and load-carrying capacity superior to the aeroplane, and with increasing size these advantages will become far more pronounced.

On all counts, therefore, the flying boat is far more definitely a factor in Empire communication than the aeroplane, and the sooner this is realized the sooner shall we have a true Imperial airway.—Yours, &c.,

JAMES BIRD.

"DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES"

SIR,—Your reviewer of the "Great Delusion" is quite wrong in his criticism and "Neon" quite right in his statement that "Approximately four-fifths of the total power installed is required to maintain the aeroplane and its load in the air against the law of gravity, about one-fifth remains to push or pull the load along." The fact is that four-fifths of the power is utilized in making the wind which gives the lift against the law of gravity. Place an aeroplane on frictionless rails, and with the same head resistance it would only require one-fifth of the power to drive it at the same speed as if in the air.

W. H. HENDERSON,
Admiral (retired).

"THE FIRST AND THE LAST"

SIR,—I do not know the age of "C. W.," or of the critic of Mr. Galsworthy to whose opinion and reputed youth he takes exception. But why should a young man be accused of "an air of infallibility" because he says that Mr. Galsworthy is not a great writer and "C. W." escape the charge when he says that Mr. Galsworthy is? I am neither old nor young, but I agree with the critic, who has as much reason to be revolted by "C. W.'s" facile praise as "C. W." has to be revolted by the critic's condemnation. And why should "C. W." assume that Mr. Galsworthy is a great writer because he makes "C. W." cry? Is it not notorious that it is not the great writers, but the sentimentalists, who make the tears run down our faces? At any rate, there is no reason to suppose that the lachrymose glands of the old are better dramatic and literary critics than those of the young.—Yours, &c.,

B. W.

"YOUNG CHINA"

SIR,—For the benefit of those of Kappa's readers who may be interested in Lewis Gannett's booklet "Young China," may I have space to say that copies—price 1s. 1d., post free, may be obtained from me.—Yours, &c.,

GERTRUDE M. CROSS,

(British Agent for the New York NATION).

13, Woburn Square, W.C.1.

May 23rd, 1927.

"THE ADELPHI"

SIR,—I am pleased to be able to inform you that the existence of THE ADELPHI has been secured for some years to come. It will in future be published in a new and enlarged form, and as a quarterly review (annual subscription, 10s.). The first number of the new series will appear in September next.

I would be grateful if you would give this announcement the same publicity that you gave to the announcement that THE ADELPHI would cease publication.—Yours, &c.,

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

EUGENICS AND POVERTY

SIR,—May I protest against the assumption which is continually being made by those who pose as eugenicists that poverty and dysgenic qualities are indissolubly linked together?

There was a correspondence on this same subject in THE SPECTATOR last year, when no less an authority than Mr. Julian Huxley stood up for the poor and declared that the connection between poverty and unfitness was only slight. That the unfit often sink to the bottom grade of society is true enough (though they do not always do so); but to assume that those who make money are the eugenic caste par excellence is to breed for a race of profiteers. Such a breed could not keep England afloat for very long, and they would assuredly desert her like rats should she begin to sink.—Yours, &c.,

HAROLD W. H. HELBY.

Maelcombe, East Prawle, Devon.

May 21st, 1927.

DIVORCE AND ANNULMENT

SIR,—Mr. J. M. Poynter seems rather anxious to throw doubts upon all the sacraments of the Catholic Church as well as upon that of Matrimony. I can assure your readers he is entirely wrong in his views. No Catholic entertains the least doubt about any of the sacraments; they are too great a thing for that—they are not dependent upon "intentions," nor upon theological opinions, but upon the honesty and good faith of the recipients, and, not least, upon common sense. No amount of argument would convince one who does not wish to learn.—Yours, &c.,

F. J. GORMAN.

"Dromore," Athelstan Road, Worthing.

May 23rd, 1927.

THE RELIGION OF WOMEN

By HOPE MIRRELES.

A FRIEND of mine has noticed that, if you catch them unawares, the faces of all middle-aged women are sad; the faces even of those whose circumstances have been uniformly prosperous. It is as if their bodies divined something that their minds ignored. Perhaps this is the mysterious "*phronema sarkos*, which some do expound the wisdom of the flesh" mentioned in the ninth Article of Religion. But sometimes this secret of the body flickers to the surface . . . when they are comfortable and off their guard, drinking tea with their cronies and chatting aimlessly. Suppose they have been discussing, though in no very profound or learned manner, the progress of modern science: how they remember hearing from their nurse, when they were little, of a prophecy of Mother Shipton that the day would come when men would fly, or how the telephone had been foreshadowed in the cartoon of an old PUNCH. And then, before you know where you are the atmosphere has suddenly become emotional. "Yes," one of them murmurs dreamily, "that's the way it goes!" And all of them have a tranced look in their eyes, and none of them is thinking of the progress of modern science—unless it can be looked upon as an aspect of what old Burton calls "Ajax's time."

ἀπανθ' ὁ μακρὸς κἀναρίθμητος χρόνος
φύει τ' ἀδηλα καὶ φανέντα κρύπτεται.*

Unwittingly they have given themselves away. The reason they look sad is that the ears of their body are always hearing the sound of:—

"Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near,"

the chariot that leaves in its wake a cloud of dust, which is the past. And here the spirit comes in and takes a share of the sadness; for though it is the body that hears the chariot, it is the spirit that sees the dust. If, as Mrs. Woolf says, George Eliot is the great mouthpiece of woman's sensibility, it is not without significance that she has based her ethics on an emotion towards the past. Hetty Sorrel was worthless because she was without this emotion.

"Hetty could have cast all her life behind her, and never cared to be reminded of it again. I think she had no feeling at all towards the old house, and did not like the Jacob's Ladder and the long row of hollyhocks in the garden better than other flowers—perhaps not so well."

Maggie Tulliver sacrifices her happiness because she feels she cannot be disloyal to her past.

It is not only educated women who have this cult of the past. I once listened to two old creatures of the lower middle class (the widows, I should imagine, of rich tradesmen) making friends in the lounge of an hotel. They had discovered that long ago they had both lived in Sussex, and were interchanging reminiscences; or, rather, they were hurling them at each other's heads, for there is a tough, unplastic quality about the conversation of the uneducated, and the remarks of one talker never seem to modify those of the other. It was something like this:—

FIRST OLD WOMAN: Oh, I'm very fond of Sussex.

SECOND OLD WOMAN: Yaas, yaas, yaas. Oh, I know Sussex very well.

F.O.W.: Yaas, yaas, yaas. But all these places are changing. Oh, I know Sussex very well.

S.O.W.: Yaas. I used to be very fond of Hastings.

F.O.W.: Yaas, yaas, yaas.

S.O.W.: I used to live there when I was a girl. But all these places are springing up so you wouldn't know them.

F.O.W.: Yaas. I used to live in Bexhill. I lived there in my husband's lifetime. Oh, I'm very fond of Sussex.

It was all very dull and unemotional, and they might just as well have been shouting remarks to each other across a slum street about a smoking flue, or the price of margarine. But the emotion was there all the same, as I was to discover the following day. It was Christmas Eve, and the "loud speaker" was singing Christmas carols to the visitors as they sat drinking their tea in the lounge. I happened to be near one of the old women from Sussex, and I watched her face as she listened to "Hark the Herald Angels Sing." She looked so rapt, so profoundly moved, as to be almost beautiful. But, I feel convinced, it was memories that were singing to her, and not angels. And they were not singing of the birth of Christ—unless Christ was born at Bexhill, in her husband's lifetime. In the same way, a great many women go to church. But are they all really devout? The Prayer Book tells us the *Phronema sarkos* is "not subject to the Law of God." I suspect that the majority of them go to church because they find in the hymns and liturgy an oblique expression of the wisdom of their bodies and the sensibility of their minds. And while the exquisite academic voice of Archbishop Cranmer, the treble and bass of the four Evangelists, and all the hymns ancient and modern are repeating:—

"The happy, mournful stories,
The lamentable glories,
Of the great crucified King,"

they are thinking of themselves. No, not *thinking*; rather, swaying backwards and forwards, like seaweed, in a bitter-sweet sea of memories and hopes and vague yearning. In fact, they have no right to be in church at all; unless Christ and Time are one. Perhaps they are. Euripides calls time the "*great daimon*"; and the difference between a *daimon* and a god, says Miss Jane Harrison, is that a *daimon* is bound to the ceaselessly revolving wheel of birth, death, resurrection. A *daimon* is an impersonation of the year and its fruits. And I suppose Time is an impersonation of the actual process to which the *daimon* is subject. He has also, by a cruel irony, taken over some of the attributes of Mother Earth—the bountiful, the benign. What Sophocles says about time, in the passage from the "Ajax" I have already quoted, might be an echo of these words of Æschylus about the earth:—

καὶ γαίαν αὐτὴν ἢ τὰ πάντα τίκτεται
θρέψασά τ' αἰθεὶς τῶνδε κύμα λαμβάνει.†

The conception of Time is a cruel substitute for that of Mother Earth. It is as if Oreithyia had died, and her little children had suddenly found themselves with no one to turn to but their father, the wind.

However, if only the Earth had turned perpendicularly on its axis, the body would have kept its secret to itself and the fear of Time would not have troubled our dreams. Owing to the Earth's tilt we have strongly contrasted seasons, which tread on each other's heels—a pageant striking enough and of frequent enough recurrence to focus even the *distract*, restless eye of primitive man. And from this model—the cycle of the seasons—he draws the wavering stippled outline of his first

* All things the long and countless years first draw from darkness, then bury from light.

† . . . Earth who brings all things to life
And rears and takes again into her womb.

picture of life as a whole, and of his own fate. On Jupiter, where the axis is nearly perpendicular to the planet's orbit, the seasons, I believe, are separated from each other not by months but by years, so if ever Jupiter comes to be inhabited, the burden of its songs and ballads will not be time and change. I am not supposing that its inhabitants will be immortal, but only suggesting that their emotional focus will not be their own mortality. It may be that they will take eternity for their bogey, just as we have taken time; for, being men, they will certainly have bogies. But they will not think of themselves in terms of the "beautiful and death-struck year," as wingless seeds to whom the Spring calls in vain. And when their hearts swell, as they surely will, in an agony of self-pity, of self-pity and of pity for their friends, they will not cry:—

οἷη περ φύλλων γενεή, τοίη δὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν.†

Homer puts these words into the mouth of Glaucus, the son of Hippolochus—a man. In fact, it is indisputable that nearly all the great tragic utterances about time, and its corollaries, change and death, have been made by men. It is, nevertheless, only the poets, and not the average man, who are haunted by these conceptions. But they do haunt all women. As a general rule, it is love that makes men unhappy, and time that makes women so. And if Time be a *daimon*, it is natural that this should be so. Were not women the chief mourners for Thammuz and Adonai? How much more should they mourn for Time. One of the duties of slaves is to mourn their master, and women are the slaves of Time. Has he not branded their bodies with his mark—the periodicity of the moon?

A NOTE ON BERLIOZ

THE most significant and welcome feature of orchestral and choral concerts this year, apart from the somewhat overdone celebration of the Beethoven centenary, has undoubtedly been the quite remarkable degree of attention that has been paid to the larger and more important works of Hector Berlioz, hitherto perhaps the most unjustly neglected and misunderstood composer of the nineteenth century. First, at one of the B.B.C. National Concerts there were magnificent renderings under Sir Hamilton Harty of the great "Requiem," the "Chasse et Orage" from "Les Troyens," and the "Corsaire" Overture; and at the ordinary Symphony Concerts fine performances were given of the "Symphonie fantastique" and the "Te Deum," by M. Pierre Monteux and Sir Thomas Beecham respectively. The "Harold in Italy" was also to have been done by the latter on April 25th, but the project was unfortunately abandoned at the last minute, no doubt on account of the difficulty under present conditions of obtaining sufficient rehearsals to ensure an adequate performance of such an unfamiliar and exacting work. The decision was probably wise, however; there is no music in existence which "plays itself" less readily than that of Berlioz. Every detail of the score must be carefully studied and executed with absolute precision if the performance is to sound effective and convincing; to quote his own words "ici l'à peu près est tout à fait faux."

It would seem, then, that Berlioz is at last beginning to come into his own, and that his cynical prophecy that he would probably receive full recognition if he were to live to be a hundred and forty is about to be realized. That this sudden display of interest in his works is not to be ascribed to mere coincidental caprices on the part of a few conductors is shown not only by the enthusiastic receptions they have been accorded by the audiences at these concerts, but also

† Even as are the generations of the leaves such are those likewise of men.

by the appreciative notices that his music has begun to elicit from the pens of our more enlightened critics. For, to do the public justice, it is an interesting fact that the fierce hostility that Berlioz's music encountered during his lifetime and has continued to encounter up to the present time, in this country at least, has not come from them nearly so much as from the critical confraternity and from professional musicians in general, who, almost without exception, however much they may have differed concerning the merits or demerits of other composers, have always maintained a quite impressive unanimity in their attitude towards Berlioz. The mere mention of his name has always been sufficient to cause Wagnerians and Brahmsians, and classicists and modernists of every description, to desist momentarily from their internecine feuds and quarrels, and to chant in unison, with joined hands, the time-honoured anathemas and oburgations handed down unaltered from the days of Hanslick and Fétis. The general verdict may be best summed up by saying that, while he is admitted, somewhat grudgingly, to have been an incontestable master of orchestration and rhythmical device, he has been declared to be completely devoid alike of melodic invention, harmonic instinct, and contrapuntal resource. To such an extent has this opinion crystallized into an irrefragable dogma of musical criticism that until recently it was very rare to encounter a musician who had ever dreamt of questioning it, or who had ever taken the trouble to look at the music for himself with a mind unclouded by prejudices and preconceived notions concerning it. Weingartner, for example, has described his surprise and pleasure on looking for the first time at the score of the "Benvenuto Cellini" Overture—a comparatively unimportant work—which he had come across by chance. "I began to laugh, both with delight at having discovered such a treasure, and with annoyance at finding how narrow human judgment is. . . . From that day on there has been for me another great citizen in the republic of art."

That Berlioz should, in particular, be reproached with a lack of melodic invention is one of the most astounding ineptitudes of musical criticism. He is a melodist first and foremost, and all the time: perhaps the greatest since Mozart, in my opinion certainly the greatest since Beethoven. As Romain Rolland has pointed out, his phrases most frequently consist of twelve, sixteen, eighteen, or twenty bars, while with Wagner, for example, phrases of eight bars are rare, those of four more common, those of two still more so, and those of one bar are most frequent of all; and the same may be said of practically every composer of the nineteenth century. In fact, in Berlioz's own words, his melodies are often on such a large scale that "an immature or short-sighted musical vision may not clearly distinguish their form—shallow musicians may find them so unlike the funny little things that they call melodies that they cannot bring themselves to give the same name to both."

Again, in the matter of harmony there is considerable misunderstanding. It is true that Berlioz's harmonic writing may often sound crude and awkward when played on the pianoforte or read in score; the fact remains that in performance on the orchestra it sounds perfectly logical and coherent. It is not generally recognized that harmonic subtleties often disappear entirely when transferred to the orchestra, or serve merely to obscure the issue, especially when written for the wind, and the heavy brass in particular. The simpler and more primitive harmonic combinations are invariably the most successful, and the glitter and brilliance of Berlioz's scoring is largely the direct outcome of his appreciation of this fact.

The reproach of poverty of contrapuntal resource, though possibly more justifiable than either of the others, hardly carries so much weight at the present day, when this particular weapon in the composer's armoury is conspicuously neglected by the vast majority of representative music-makers. Berlioz, like them, had no particular use for it, but that is not to say that he was incapable of making use of it when it suited his purpose. For example, there is as fine contrapuntal writing in parts of the "Te Deum" as in any music of the post-Beethoven period.

No, the underlying cause of the organized opposition with which Berlioz's music has hitherto had to contend does not reside in any of the fallacious objections that we have been examining, but in his astonishing originality—a quality which he possessed to a greater extent than any composer who has ever lived. Let anyone who questions this consider the fact that the "Symphonie fantastique," in which a whole new world of musical possibilities is revealed, dates from 1830, only three years after the death of Beethoven, when the composer was only twenty-seven years old; and that the "Frances-Juges" Overture and a considerable part of "Faust" had already been written before that, at a time when the music of Weber and Beethoven was almost unknown to the composer. He owes nothing to any predecessors and, apart from his orchestral innovations, his art has exercised little influence on his successors. This constitutes Berlioz's heinous offence, in the eyes of the conventional musical critics and historians for whom music is an impersonal and collective activity in which a composer is valued less on account of his individual æsthetic achievement than for his importance as a link in an evolutionary chain, while those who stand entirely off the beaten track are systematically ignored or disparaged. And it is probably the gradual abandonment in modern times of this narrow and procrustean standard of values, and the recognition of the falsity of this evolutionary conception of music, that is to a large degree responsible for the recent awakening of interest in the work of Berlioz.

CECIL GRAY.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

LAST week a meeting was held at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, in support of the Cecil Houses. Mrs. Chesterton's courageous tour through the town, commemorated in her book "In Darkest London," has resulted in the organization of sleeping houses for women, where for one shilling, a comfortable bed, a hot bath, and tea are provided. Each Cecil House costs £5,000, after which it is self-supporting. Mrs. Chesterton is appealing for £10,000 to start two new houses. The extremely limited accommodation provided for homeless women will probably come as a surprise to many people, and is a relic of Victorianism which even the gloomiest of us will hardly applaud. This particular meeting was enlivened by an address from Mr. Bernard Shaw, who was in his most brilliant form and succeeded in keeping everyone roaring with laughter about this very painful subject. Still, paradoxical as he was, one could not help feeling he had got hold of the right end of the stick. His main point was that giving up the struggle was on the whole agreeable, and that if this fact was discovered everybody would take to vagrancy with disastrous results. The Cecil Houses exist to prevent this discovery being made. Also it is very bad for perfectly respectable women to have to pretend to the Church Army that they are prostitutes. At the Cecil Houses no questions are asked. Subscriptions should be sent to Major Brunel Cohen, M.P., Hon. Treasurer, Women's Public Lodging House Fund, 8, Polebrook House, Golden Square, W.

"Asleep," at the Duke of York's Theatre, by Mr. Cyril Campion, the lively author of "Ask Beccles," can

hardly be reckoned a success. It is the magnitude of the theme which has undone Mr. Campion. He chooses for his fable a wife, who is a cocaine fiend, and the demoralization of the husband, in the face of this domestic disaster. This is a tragic theme which must be treated tragically by a man who knows how to write, though he even write theatrically, like a Dumas or a Bernstein. Unfortunately, Mr. Campion cannot apparently write at all, so that the characters in the tragedy never for an instant come to life, and we are left with a succession of tiresome improbabilities. Even a respectful second-night audience at times relapsed into giggles. The contrast between the theme and the treatment was too great. Neither the acting nor the production were up to much, though Mr. Robert Haslam was very engaging as the noblest Englishman of them all. It cannot be easy to act up to such a spotless character.

Mr. D. H. Lawrence, one of the most distinguished masters of modern prose, has seen fit to write in biblical English a long drama dealing with Saul and David, which has just been produced by the Three Hundred Club. This particular production was of such an uninspired nature that one hesitates to blame the author entirely for the resultant fiasco, though the fact that the play lacked all dramatic movement no doubt made it very hard to produce. But the real weakness of "David" consists in the way the author conceived his task. What on earth is the good of a twentieth-century writer striving to imitate the style of the early seventeenth century? The result can only be a tedious Wardour Street diction, frequently interlarded with quotations from the most well-known book in English. Presumably Shakespeare and Plutarch still mesmerize the authors of to-day. But if we are to have living plays on these themes, some effort must be made to provide a living diction; which brings us once more back to the ubiquitous M. Cocteau, who has, in his play "Orphée" and his version of the "Antigone" made an effort to bring ancient myth into touch with modern sensibility. Plays like "David" are merely pastiche on pastiche, and become a weariness to the flesh. For one cruel moment during the play a young gentleman in evening dress became, by mistake, visible on the stage to the audience. His fleeting appearance suggested one way in which Mr. Lawrence might have approached his subject.

The management of the Capitol Theatre has had the excellent idea of reviving twelve of Mr. Charlie Chaplin's earlier films, one each week, under the comprehensive title "The Adventures of Charlie." It is very rarely that films are revived, except by the Film Society; the life of most films is short, and when they die there is no one to rescue them, whether they deserve it or not, from the mysterious limbo into which they pass. It has been thought necessary to retitle and re-edit these films "to meet the requirements of modern screen entertainment," and the result, though not so unfortunate as might have been feared, spoils the charming "period" flavour which has been a great feature of the Film Society's revivals, and makes, at moments, a rather incongruous hotch-potch. However, Mr. Chaplin himself remains as fascinating and brilliant an artist as ever. "High and Low Finance," shown last week, is a revival of "The Pawnshop," and shows Charlie's adventures as a pawnbroker's assistant. It was followed by one of the most imbecile and psychologically improbable films that can ever have been made, "My Official Wife," a story of Russia and Vienna before the war.

Edouard Manet's "Le Vieux Musicien" has been on exhibition for a short time at the galleries of Messrs. Reid & Lefèvre in King Street, St. James's. This picture, which is one of Manet's largest canvases, was formerly the property of the Austrian Imperial Museum in Vienna. Painted in 1862, when the artist was thirty, it is one of his most famous, if not one of his best, works. It represents an old fiddler surrounded, in a landscape background, by a group of figures, men and children (the man in the top-hat on the right being the figure which was afterwards used for "The Absinthe-drinker"). The figure of the old man is highly characterized from the literary point of view, and more carefully finished than the rest of the picture. This is a

little disconcerting; it would seem that Manet's interest in this figure had led him to elaborate it too far, destroying the balance of the picture. Some parts of it, particularly the figure of the little girl carrying a baby, at the left hand side, are very beautiful. There are a few other French pictures on exhibition here, a fine early Corot, "Port de Rouen," Cézanne's very lovely portrait of his wife in a red dress, also a Cézanne landscape, a fine Picasso figure study, and a snow landscape by Sisley.

Things to see and hear in the coming week :—

Saturday, May 28th.—

Mr. J. Clifford Turner in Selections from Classic and Contemporary Poets, Victoria and Albert Museum, 8.

Sunday, May 29th.—

Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe on "The New Industrial Feudalism (U.S.A.)," at South Place, 11.

Film: "The World War and After," at the Indian Students' Union, 5.

London Chamber Music Society's Concert, Rudolf Steiner Hall, 8.30.

Monday, May 30th.—

Mr. C. Bennett's "The Return," at the Everyman.

Mr. Hopwood's "The Garden of Eden," at the Lyric.

Mlle. Nazimova, at the Coliseum.

Arthur Benjamin, Piano Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.

Tuesday, May 31st.—

Señor don Tomas Baldasano on "Spanish Morocco," Royal Society of Arts, 4.30.

Miss Kate O'Brien's "The Bridge," at the Arts Club Theatre.

"Meet the Wife," at St. Martin's Theatre.

Wednesday, June 1st.—

Dr. W. R. Matthews and Canon Francis Underhill on "The New Prayer Book," King's College, 5.30.

Thursday, June 2nd.—

Professor E. G. Gardner on "Venice and the Political Thought of the Renaissance," University College, 5.30.

Dean Inge on "The Philosophy of Religion," Royal Society of Arts, 5.45.

"The Crummes Family," at the Lyric, Hammersmith.

Friday, June 3rd.—

Professor P. N. Baker on "The Economic Conference," School of Economics, 5.

OMICRON.

CINEMAS.

CAPITOL, Haymarket, S.W. Continuous DAILY, 1 to 11. SUNS., 6 to 11. Commencing Monday next, May 30.

MONTE BLUE in

"ACROSS THE PACIFIC."

Also CHARLES CHAPLIN in "THE FLOOR WALKER."

POLYTECHNIC THEATRE. Regent Street. Mayfair 2330. DAILY, at 2.30, 6 & 8.30. LAST WEEKS.

CAPT. KNIGHT presents and personally describes 'his

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RAMON NOVARRO in **BEN HUR.**

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with

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Produced by Fred Niblo

THEATRES.

ALDWYCH. Gerrard 3929. NIGHTLY, at 8.15.

MATINEES, WEDNESDAY & FRIDAY, at 2.30.

ROOKERY NOOK.

TOM WALLS, Mary Brough, and RALPH LYNN.

AMBASSADORS. NIGHTLY, 8.40. MATS., TUES., FRI., 2.30.

"THE TRANSIT OF VENUS."

By H. M. HARWOOD. (Ger. 4460.)

COURT THEATRE. (Sloane 5137). **THE SHADOW OF A GUNMAN.**

By SEAN O'CASEY.

Nightly at 8.30.

First Mat., Thurs., June 2, at 2.30.

Preceded by **RIDERS TO THE SEA**, by J. M. SYNGE.

CRITERION. (Ger. 3844.) NIGHTLY, 8.40. MATS., TUES., SAT., 2.30.

MARIE TEMPEST in
THE MARQUISE.

A NEW COMEDY BY NOEL COWARD.

DRURY LANE. EVGS., 8.15. MATS., WED. and SAT., at 2.30.

"THE DESERT SONG," A New Musical Play.

HARRY WELCHMAN. EDITH DAY. GENE GERRARD

DUKE OF YORK'S. Gerrard 0313

Nightly at 8.30.

Mats., Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30.

"ASLEEP," By CYRIL CAMPION.

(Author of "Ask Beccles" and "The Lash.")

FORTUNE THEATRE. Regent 1307.

NIGHTLY, at 8.30.

MATINEES, THURS. & SAT., at 2.30.

"ON APPROVAL," By FREDERICK LONSDALE.

ELLIS JEFFREYS.

RONALD SQUIRE.

GARRICK. Gerr. 9513. Evgs., 8.20 sharp. Mats., Wed., Thur., 2.30.

MARTIN HARVEY in "SCARAMOUCHE."

By RAFAEL SABATINI.

HIS MAJESTY'S. Gerr. 0606. Evgs., 8.15. Mats., Tues., Thurs., & Sat., 2.30.

LEW LESLIE'S

"WHITE BIRDS,"

Opening Night Postponed till Tuesday next.

KINGSWAY. (Gerr. 4032.) Nightly, 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.

JEAN CADELL in a New Comedy,

"MARIGOLD."

LYRIC Hammersmith. Riverside 3012. LAST TWO NIGHTS.

EVENINGS, at 8.30.

MATINEE, SAT., at 2.30.

THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM.

THURS., June 2, "WHEN CRUMMLES PLAYED."

ROYALTY THEATRE. (Ger. 2690.) Mon., 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE FORUM THEATRE GUILD presents

"THE COMBINED MAZE."

Jean Forbes-Robertson.

RICHARD BIRD.

Clare Greet.

ST. MARTIN'S. Gerr. 3416. Evgs., 8.45. Mats., Tues. & Fri., 2.30.

"THE WHITE CHATEAU."

BY REGINALD BERKELEY.

STRAND THEATRE. Aldwych. Gerrard 3830

FLORENCE MILLS

in

LEW LESLIE'S

"BLACK-BIRDS."

Evenings, 8.45.

MATINEES: Tues. and Thurs., 2.30.

Smoking Permitted.

VAUDEVILLE. Gerr. 3815. EVENINGS, at 8.45.

BALIEFF'S

CHAUVE-SOURIS.

MATINEES, MONDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.30.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

THE GREATNESS OF GREAT MEN

THE Duke of Wellington was notoriously a great man. He beat Napoleon on the field of battle; with Castlereagh he made a peace the virtues of which our generation, with bitter memories, has every reason to appreciate; he was Foreign Secretary and Prime Minister. In the course of a life of eighty-three years there were moments when he was the most unpopular man in England, and there were years when he was the most popular. Besides these tangible evidences of human greatness, there was some quality in him personally which gave to everything he said or did an *aura* of such individuality and distinction as to appear super-human; and this quality was so instinct in him that the *aura* persists to-day in almost everything which he wrote and in the many stories which other people have written about him. The quality and *aura* are apparent in a book just published, "A Great Man's Friendship," edited by Lady Burghclere (Murray, 16s.). The book contains a large number of letters written by the Duke to Mary, Marchioness of Salisbury, in the years 1850 to 1852, the last two years of his life. Lady Burghclere has added a somewhat feeble biographical sketch of Lady Salisbury and some not very enlightening editorial comment on the Duke's letters.

* * *

The Duke's letters are extraordinarily interesting as a revelation and study of character. At first sight they might appear to be the letters merely of an extremely stupid man, a man of almost incredible simplicity and naivety, the letters of a very nice schoolboy, eighty-one years old, whose business it was to be Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports and Ranger of Hyde Park and St. James's Park, and who had happened some forty years before to win the battle of Waterloo. He very rarely writes of any subject of real interest (other than himself), and he does not show that he is even aware that such exist. Only once or twice in three hundred pages do you find anything with as much in it as the following: "I have heard no more of the King of Hanover. But I believe that the principal Ailment is old age, aggravated by irritation of Temper occasioned by the State of Germany." On the other hand, in 1851, at the age of eighty-two, day after day he mounted his horse and rode from Apsley House to what he calls the "Glass Palace" in Hyde Park in order to be able to tell Lady Salisbury, at considerable length, whether there was or was not a crowd. The following is a sentence which he repeats over and over again, and which is an admirable example of his epistolary style: "I am certain I catch cold in my Ears at night!"

* * *

And yet, I repeat, almost every sentence in these letters makes one see that the Duke was a great man. Only the Duke, I think, would have been quite so certain that he caught cold in his Ears at night, would have expressed it with such sudden conviction, and would have repeated it to the Marchioness of Salisbury with such bald insistence. To analyze the quality of greatness as it appears in the Duke and his sentences is, for practical purposes, impossible. One can but say that it consists in greatness of character. Like Socrates and Johnson, he had a granitic quality of character which made him unlike other men.

Whether the Duke was a great general may be doubtful, that he was a great statesman is obviously untrue; yet this granitic individuality of his enabled him to do more than some of the greatest generals and as much as many of the world's most brilliant statesmen. It is illuminating to compare him and his career with another great man whose biography has just been written. "Cavour," translated from the French of Maurice Paléologue (Benn, 16s.), is a book of some merit. M. Paléologue is rather a slap-dash historian (he seems to have affected his translator to some extent, who scatters unnecessary accents over the name of the unfortunate M. Benedetti); but his biography of Cavour is spirited and readable. Cavour was undoubtedly a great statesman, the only statesman of the post-Napoleonic era who can be compared with Bismarck. He was indeed in many ways like Bismarck. He looked a long way ahead, determined upon the end which he was to aim at, decided upon the strategy and tactics necessary for attaining his end, and finally pursued his plan with the most terrific energy and determination. Wellington, for all his greatness, could never have achieved either what Bismarck did or what Cavour did. The reason is that Wellington's greatness consisted solely in character; it was unconstructive; it was a rock against which Napoleon and many other men and things might break themselves, but it could not be used as an instrument of creation by its possessor. Both Bismarck and Cavour had some of the same kind of iron persistence and resistance of character. They were also men of keen intellect, quick intelligence, and restless practical imagination; their own "character," therefore, did not dominate them as it did Wellington; it became the ruthless instrument of their policy.

* * *

And then, if one wants to see what different shapes and sizes the greatness of great men may assume, after reading "Cavour," one should read "British Foreign Secretaries, 1807-1916," by Algernon Cecil (Bell, 15s.). Mr. Cecil writes about nine British statesmen, from Castlereagh to Viscount Grey; he is a little overburdened by his own style and his obvious desire to say things as cleverly as possible; but his book is an instructive lesson in the art and achievements of British statesmanship. His method is that of biographical history or historical biography, according to the way in which you happen to be looking at it. He recalls the fact that Acton held Canning to be "the greatest of our Foreign Ministers," while he himself goes near to putting—of all men—Aberdeen among the greatest, or at least the best. Personally, I do not see one of the nine reaching the fringe of Bismarck's or Cavour's mantle; and the further they get from the eighteenth century the more they seem to dwindle. These British statesmen have sometimes had character and sometimes intelligence, but they have rarely combined the two, and their practical intelligence has never had the tremendous sweep of Cavour's or Bismarck's. I think I see why Acton plumped for Canning. He alone possessed, to some slight extent, the combination of restless vision and granitic resistance of character without which it is impossible to move mountains or alter the history of the world. As for the others, they were distinguished men or good men or interesting characters; none of them, with the possible exception of Castlereagh, was a first-class statesman.

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

THE SCHOLAR-POLITICIAN

James Bryce (Viscount Bryce of Dechmont, O.M.). By H. A. L. FISHER, Warden of New College. Two vols. (Macmillan. 32s.)

MR. FISHER was well chosen as the biographer of Lord Bryce, because in some degree he belongs to the same rare type as his subject—the type of the scholar-politician.

By the "scholar-politician" I do not mean the scholar who is drawn, half-reluctant, into the alien field of politics, but always feels a clash between his two interests; nor do I mean the politician who preserves his interest in some field of scholarship, but preserves it as a refuge and refreshment. There have happily been many examples of both of these types, and they have enriched our public life. Grote in an earlier day, Gilbert Murray in our own day, are examples of the first type; of the second Gladstone was a great exemplar, and Lord Balfour and Lord Oxford both belong to it. All these men must be primarily classified either as scholars or as politicians: they have the air of professionals on one side of their achievement, and are only amateurs, however distinguished, on the other side.

But there is a third kind of scholar-politician in whom scholarship and politics are so interwoven and interfused that it is impossible to understand one aspect of him without the other. Politics—in the broadest sense of the word—is the sphere of his scholarship; and the active political life appeals to him not as a rival of, or a distraction from, his scholarly interests, but as a necessary means of expressing them. In different ways Sir Thomas More, Selden, Burke, Guizot, Macaulay, John Morley, and James Bryce all belong to this type. It is possible, in the case of any of these men, to rate their achievements in one sphere more highly than their achievements in the other; but it is not possible to dis sever the one from the other. They were politicians in every line they wrote, in every study they undertook, because their supreme interest was always to understand the working of human societies with a view to their improvement. On the other hand, they were scholars in all their political activities, and approached every problem with the outlook and the method of scholarship; they found the call of active politics irresistible precisely because it was the natural sequel of their studies. Men of this rare type are always exposed to reproaches on both sides. Burke, said his lettered friend Goldsmith, "gave up to a party what was meant for mankind," while his politician-friends lamented that his pedantry stood in the way of a great political career. Bryce was subject to the same twofold criticism: the man who might have rewritten Gibbon, said one set of his admirers, was wasting himself in politics; while other critics asserted that his ineradicable habit of loading debate with his omnivorous learning prevented his rise to the highest places in the State. But the critics were always wrong. The value of the scholar-politician depends upon his two-sidedness, and springs from the fact that his mind is not in watertight compartments. He raises the level of political life in his time precisely because his scholarship is always political, and his politics always scholarly.

Lord Bryce was a perfect example of the scholar-politician, in the sense in which I have tried to define the term. The consonance of his intellectual with his practical interests was so complete that it produced a rare harmony in his life, and shaped his course so clearly that he can never have felt much doubt or hesitation as to the line he should pursue. There were no breaks or serious jars in his career. His long life was an extraordinarily happy one, in which there was almost no waste of time or power, but an infinitely variegated tissue of experience and achievement, unified and harmonized by a single dominating interest. If he had been primarily a scholar, and only a dutiful politician, he might have yearned for the life of learned leisure, spent in the construction of a *magnum opus*: there is no sign that he felt this longing, because he knew how to use every moment, and all experience was food for his questing mind. If he had been primarily a politician, with the normal ambitions of a politician, he might have been dis-

appointed by his failure to attain a more commanding position in English politics: there is scarcely any sign that he felt this disappointment. His insatiable appetite for a fuller understanding of men and institutions found an equal satisfaction in opposition and in office, and left no time for egoistic calculations. He was always putting his vast learning to practical use, and always adding to it. Whether at the Foreign Office or at Dublin Castle, he found or made satisfying opportunities both of turning his stores of ordered knowledge to the service of the public, and of increasing them. And when he was transferred to the novel rôle of an ambassador, he was able not only to make his embassy the means of enriching his knowledge, but to use it, as no embassy had ever been used before, in a way congenial to the scholar's heart, as a means of using not his learning only but his understanding to interpret one nation to another.

Mr. Fisher has admirably brought out the essential harmony of Bryce's life. A less skilful or a less sympathetic biographer might have been tempted to emphasize his varied activities in such a way as to make them appear discordant or competitive—might have suggested that the historian, the jurist, the traveller, the botanist, the student of institutions and the practical politician were in some degree at war with one another—might have hinted that the great historian who wrote "The Holy Roman Empire" at the age of twenty-six was led astray when he entered the House of Commons, or that the penetrating analyst of human institutions who wrote "The American Commonwealth" and "Modern Democracies" wasted himself in mere globe-trotting, or that the possibilities of a fine political career were destroyed by a multitude of distracting interests. Any such view would be a misreading of Bryce's life. It would be equally a misreading to regard his studies and his travels as merely a preparation for a political career, like the young Pitt's studies in Thucydides, or Lord Curzon's travels in the East. What took Bryce into every important region of the globe save only the Malay archipelago was the same devouring, scientific curiosity about men and institutions which set him to trace the enduring influence of the Holy Roman Empire and to analyze the working of American democracy.

Mr. Fisher has avoided these blunders, and has brought out the real unity of Bryce's life. He has given the greatest emphasis neither to his books nor to his politics, but to his unwearied globe-trotting, his passion for mountains and seas as well as for customs and ideas. And rightly so; because nothing more clearly illustrates the insatiable curiosity of the man, or his powers of observation, or his sanity of judgment. Perhaps, however, there was also another reason for the biographer's choice of emphasis: he may have wished to give colour and variety to a narrative which might otherwise have been a little monotonous in its serenity—the record of a life of unflagging effort and of rounded achievement, unbroken by tragedy or by any emotional crisis. There is, indeed, in Bryce's life almost no emotional excitement, and very little romance: he moved from one self-imposed task to another, always master of himself, always using his full power and never trying to go beyond it. At every stage he had the satisfaction of achievement; at none the intoxication of superlative triumph, or the testing strain of unmitigated defeat. Romance, indeed, there might seem to be in the progress of a provincial boy of modest family and fortune, by his own strength of brain and character, to almost the highest places in the two worlds of scholarship and affairs: the country schoolmaster's son earns world-fame as the author of two books, each a classic in its own kind; he holds high offices of State; he becomes an obvious recipient of the highest distinction his sovereign can bestow, the Order of Merit; he gives a new significance to the office of ambassador; he becomes almost a national hero in a foreign nation; he dies, full of years and honours, leaving in his long life nothing to lament, and no vital task unperformed. Yet there is no romance in the story: it is all the inevitable working out of character and ability: it is a story of a strange evenness of texture, without vicissitudes and without crises. The full, rounded, balanced life of James Bryce is pre-eminently a performance in the classic, not in the romantic, style. Not passion, but radiant reason, is its presiding genius.

RAMSAY MUIR.

THE GEORGE EUMORFOPOULOS COLLECTION

The George Eumorfopoulos Collection Catalogue of Chinese, Korean, and Persian Pottery and Porcelain. By R. L. HOBSON. Vol. IV.—**The Ming Dynasty.** (Benn. £12 12s.)

Most of those, and they are many, who have paid a few visits to Mr. Eumorfopoulos's marvellous collection of Chinese art must have been so dazzled by the splendour, the strangeness, and the variety of the sculptures, bronzes, and jades of the earlier periods that they may well have given only a vague and slightly abstracted attention to the collection of Ming ware. It has indeed been an inevitable result of the gradual initiation into Chinese art which the past generation has experienced that our interest has always been concentrated on each successive epoch as it was revealed to us. And as we successively unveiled ever earlier periods each seemed to be more marvellous than the last. We can remember when Sung ware was almost mythical, and now we are more familiar with T'ang pottery than we are with the English pottery of the thirteenth century. At last, with the recent revelation of the exquisite designs of late Neolithic pottery which the excavations in Honan have brought to light, we may regard the series as complete. None the less it will probably be the work of a future generation which will come to all this knowledge, without the disturbing excitement that this gradual recovery of the past has aroused in us, to estimate correctly the relative esthetic values of the different periods.

It is a measure of the priority of Chinese civilization over Western that Ming art already seems to us to belong to our own time, already to have something too familiar in its elegance, its slightness, its mechanical perfection. It is far nearer to us in the spiritual outlook it declares than any of the minor arts of the fifteenth century in Europe. But it is a period none the less of immense importance. Sung art, for all its extreme refinement, still seems to look back to the great classic period, to the ancient world of China, but with the defeat of the last of the Mongol Yuan dynasty China proper began again, recovered its full national consciousness, and dared once more to originate and to express in new forms its more modern consciousness, its sense of a new refinement and elegance in social life. The only China which was known to our ancestors is the China that began with the Ming Dynasty. And not the least among the expressions of that new China was its Imperial porcelain. In the potter's art the period is marked by an extraordinary technical inventiveness, by the remarkable perfection and control of the processes of laying enamel colours on a white glaze. It also saw, if not the beginning, the first perfection of the method of drawing in cobalt blue on the biscuit which became almost the most typical of all Chinese methods.

When we look at the finest specimens of T'ang ware in the Eumorfopoulos collection we cannot help feeling that the Ming period was a decline. It was certainly one which saw the triumph of the craftsman over the artist. In all the applied arts there is a perpetual conflict between the ambitions of the pure craftsman which lie in the direction of mechanical perfection and of the artist whose aim is complete expression. There is perhaps no single piece in this sumptuous catalogue which gives us the emotions of a great creative idea. Speaking for ourselves, at least we find that the one that arrests us most is that of a roughly potted jar reproduced in colour on Plate 70, but then this is an exact imitation of a T'ang design.

This has the gravity and breadth of earlier work, but, for the specific excellences of Ming art we must look in another direction. For the most part the Ming artists tended to cover their surfaces with a multiplicity of small forms or, if, as sometimes happens, they aim at extreme simplicity, this generally takes the form of an essentially pictorial treatment; as when on a white bowl they throw two or three gold fish in red represented as though swimming round the bowl. It is rare to find a bold pattern conceived in strict harmony with the shape of the pot. A splendid exception to this, however, is the early (c. 1500) gadrooned bowl (D.49) in a blurred red floral design on white.

But if the designs rarely strike us as conceived in strict harmony with the plastic shapes of the pots, we may often

find exquisite and characterful drawing in the scenes depicted on them. This beautiful line drawing seems to be best in the early blue and white. A very fine and unusual example, however (D.119), dates from the seventeenth century, but the bold and primitive character of this may be due to an archaizing movement.

If, however, our purely esthetic feelings are somewhat disappointed by Ming pottery and porcelain, our curiosity in the history of the craft finds more material than in the earlier periods since we know so much more from contemporary literature about the different potteries and about their methods. With regard to these matters, Mr. Hobson's prefaces make extremely interesting reading, and form the best possible accompaniment to the magnificent reproductions.

MORE MYSTERIES

Famous Detective Mysteries. By GEORGE BARTON. (Stanley Paul. 3s. 6d.)

The Chronicles of Dennis Chetwynd. By HENRY J. FIDLER. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)

The Man Who Was Nobody. By EDGAR WALLACE. (Ward, Lock. 7s. 6d.)

The White Circle. By CARROLL JOHN DALY. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)

The Crow's Inn Tragedy. By ANNIE HAYNES. (Lane. 7s. 6d.)

Colonel Gore's Third Case: The Kink. By LYNN BROCK. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)

A Secret of the Marsh. By OLIVER WARNER. (Chatto & Windus. 7s.)

To read of crime and its detection has now become so fixed a habit that dozens of books must be turned out every month to satisfy the public craving. It is small wonder, then, that so many of these are hasty pieces of work, negligible as literature, and deficient even in the essentials of plot and excitement.

Mr. George Barton, for instance, has not even gone to the trouble of inventing stories, but has thrown together a collection of "Famous Detective Mysteries" from real life, dished them up inartistically in the shape of fiction, and served them very cold. And as if this were not sufficiently insipid, he has finally poured over them the sauce of a moral—that "murder will out," and that "there is an end to even the worst career."

Mr. Henry J. Fidler, on the other hand, has tried to exercise a non-existent imagination to create a would-be Sherlock Holmes. Like Holmes, "Dennis Chetwynd" bases his deductions on the probable reactions of men to given circumstances; but his assumptions about human nature are didactic and improbable, and it is therefore quite unwarrantably that things always turn out as he had foreseen.

Mr. Edgar Wallace long ago won his place among the best writers of a thriller; and is now trading on his high reputation, and producing about four novels and three plays a year. Naturally, his work has suffered from his hurry to keep pace with the demands of his publishers and public, and we cannot expect to find such characters as Bones, Saunders, or the Three Just Men in every book. Yet it is sad that he should have set his name to such a very ill-gear mechanism as "The Man Who Was Nobody."

In his story of "The White Circle" and its feud with a gang of blackmailers, Mr. Carroll John Daly has adopted and spiritedly applied Mr. Edgar Wallace's old formula of a death in every chapter. The plot is absurd, but it is also absurdly exciting. And if the book is read—as it was evidently written—in haste, then its hairbreadth escapes and facile sentimentalities will carry you on, through two hours of oblivion to the real world.

Miss Annie Haynes's last mystery, "The Crow's Inn Tragedy," presents a very tidy tangle, in which several threads of intrigue are inter-platted. The secrets, it is true, are not all saved up for revelation in the last chapter. But they are let out only gradually; and even if you guess from the beginning the identity of the Yellow Dog, your knowledge only adds to the excitement, and does not distract you from the pursuit of other suspects.

Admirers of Mr. Lynn Brock and his Colonel Gore will look for a coherent and well-developed plot in "Colonel Gore's Second Case," and will not be disappointed. But

they will probably be surprised to discover in addition a new element in "The Kink"—the element of wild and entertaining fantasy, in which Mr. Brock has for the first time indulged. Fortunately, Colonel Gore retains his dogged sanity even in the bibulous ex-Prime Minister's Gothic mansion, where bright young people hold costumed orgies and hunt wild boar; and he is therefore able ultimately to account for the disappearance of several beautiful young men. But he is too late to save them from their bizarre fates. This is a successful combination of two sorts of detective story—the detailed-deductive and the romantically atmospheric. The complicated counter-plots hold together, even though their central core is fanciful; and the characters are living, even though they could not possibly have lived.

"A Secret of the Marsh," by Mr. Oliver Warner, is in a class quite apart from the others, and must be judged by a different and higher standard. For the juxtaposition of a bestial fowler, a half-witted girl, and an indomitable old lady, and their strange contacts in the crumbling marshland house, are material worthy of Emily Brontë, Mr. Leo Myers, or Conrad. It is not surprising that Mr. Warner possesses the creative power of none of these; but it is greatly to his credit that he has realized his limitations and told his story unpretentiously. As he has not tried to achieve effects beyond his powers, his simple narrative is instinct with sincerity; and "A Secret of the Marsh" is a sufficiently good story to be read on its own merits, and thoroughly enjoyed.

A PERSIAN ANTHOLOGY

A Persian Anthology. Being translations from the Persian by EDWARD GRANVILLE BROWNE, with an Introductory Memoir by J. B. ATKINS, edited by E. DENISON ROSS. (Methuen. 5s.)

WHEN writing his great "Literary History of Persia" the late Professor E. G. Browne illustrated his theme with many translations of Arabic and Persian poetry and prose. And now Sir E. Denison Ross has made a small Anthology, very happily chosen, of these translations, plus a piece from one of Browne's Bábí works, the "Traveller's Narrative," and others from his version of the "Chahár Maqála" and his "Year Amongst the Persians." The reader of the "Literary History" must be so greatly struck with its author's extraordinary learning and charmed with his ease of exposition, that he may well overlook the fact that Browne was also possessed of a valuable, minor talent, a gift for translating verse. In the "Literary History," again, these pieces are embedded in the argument. This Anthology performs, therefore, a double service: it displays the talent of the translator, and allows the verses to be appraised on their own merits.

Browne's aim was to reproduce as far as possible the form as well as the matter of his originals. To this aim that other, of paralleling the originals with poems of equal motive power, was necessarily subordinate. But considering the difficulty of reproducing in English rhymes and rhythms that it must often be contorted to fit, there is an astonishing number of good lines in this short selection. The chief difficulty that the imitator of Arabic and Persian verse has to overcome is the mono-rhyme carried through a long poem, simply because rhymes are infinitely rarer in English than in these Oriental languages. However, as Professor Ross explains in his introduction, the mono-rhyme of the *ghazal* and *qasidah* is only Persian by adoption (from the Arabic), and the Persians soon invented two new verse forms of their own, the *rubá'i* and the *masnavi*, in which it does not occur. Most of the pieces in this Anthology are in one or other of these two forms, and they are noticeably easier than the rest. Of all verse translations from the Persian the most successful, FitzGerald's "Omar," is, of course, an imitation (in rhyme, not in metre) of the *rubá'i*. Browne, on the other hand, is at his happiest, I think, in the *masnavi*. The extract, in that form, from Nizâmî's "Haft Paykar" (No. 35), is to my mind the best of this collection, run close by all but the last page of Jâmî's "Fable of the Frog and the Kite" from the "Khîrad-Námeh" (No. 11), with its charming opening,

"The circle of heaven now bids me indite. . . ."

This is an amazingly close parallel of the original, as is

also the whole of the elaborate Farrúkhi from the "Chahár Maqála" (No. 17).

Professor Ross's introduction provides, with just the right amount of detail, an historical setting for the Anthology. Before certain pieces he has supplemented this general information with special notes; but not, strangely enough, in the case of No. 23, a *rubá'i* of 'Unsuri, which, though neatly turned by the translator, somewhat loses its point when divorced from its context. He has also, though this is a matter of small moment, been inconsistent in the orthography of names, marking the long vowels sometimes with acute accents, sometimes with bars, and sometimes not at all. Finally, an "is" has intruded itself into the penultimate line of the Rúdaki poem (No. 5) on page 74. (It is to be noted that in this version Browne abandoned the attempt to reproduce the mono-rhyme, which indeed is here quite inimitable, being thrown back into the midst of the latter hemistich.)

To Professor Ross's part in this book is prefixed a Memoir of the translator by Mr. J. B. Atkins, which, though it cannot be said to consort ideally with what follows, being somewhat too general, exactly fulfils the writer's intention. Mr. Atkins wished to supplement an appreciation of Browne's scholarship and a biographical notice that have already appeared by recording his memories, extending over many years, of the Fellow of Pembroke and later of the Professor of Arabic. He shows amusingly how it was ever the desire of Browne's acquaintance to make him talk, and how, having been set going, he would delight to emphasize his points with quotations of Oriental lore. These he would translate extempore, for the benefit of his Western audience, with the ease and precision that are so noticeable in this Anthology.

HAROLD BOWEN.

THE PROBLEM OF RIMBAUD

The Apology of Arthur Rimbaud. By E. SACKVILLE WEST. (Hogarth Press. 2s. 6d.)

The Nature of Beauty in Art and Literature. By CHARLES MAURON. (Hogarth Press. 3s. 6d.)

THERE is "the problem of Rimbaud," just as there is that of Shakespeare's sonnets and of the Universe, and from the way these problems are attacked, it is no doubt beside the point to ask, "Should we be any the better off if we solved them?" In the first two instances, however, the goad is love; we do not want to justify, we want to know. But the great difficulty in writing the apology of Rimbaud is that he has already written his own, the incandescent "Une Saison en Enfer," and any further apology to add to, or to elucidate what is already there, must be written at the same temperature. It is no use looking at it through smoked glasses. Have Delahaye, Coulon, Vinaver, Rickword, or the paternal Berrichon given us anything? The only writing that has served at all has been Jacques Rivière's probing analysis, itself fiery enough in another sphere to enable us to face flame with flame.

Mr. Sackville West has attempted to make symmetrical what was essentially molten and fluid. According to him, and the theory is ingenious, Rimbaud's desperate first attempt to reach essential life, namely, his escape from his mother to the Franco-Prussian war (but what about "patrouillotisme"?), threw him disillusioned into literature, which he could not fuse with life, and which, after the hideous experience of Verlaine's slobbering sentimentality, he put behind him to embrace the life of actuality in Aden and Africa. But the worst of Rimbaud is that he is so protean that one can always find enough in him to support any theory—and enough to destroy it. How can one reconcile Mr. Sackville West's theory with "Moi! moi qui me suis dit mage ou ange, dispensé de toute morale, je suis rendu au sol, avec un devoir à chercher, et la réalité rugueuse à étreindre. Paysan!?" He tries to make Rimbaud's final message, "Slaves! Curse not Life!", which is not quite the implication of "Esclaves, ne maudissons pas la vie," at the conclusion of the section "Matin," which is in its entirety needed to explain it.

It is doubtful if anyone could elucidate Rimbaud who

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had not in some way undergone the experience of Rimbaud, even in so small a matter as drug-taking, which Mr. Sackville West ignores. Yet no one can read "Illuminations" (which Rimbaud meant in the sense of missal-painting) or the "Saison," while remembering Baudelaire's "Paradis Artificiels," without seeing how important this was in Rimbaud's symbolism. And Mr. Sackville West has made more difficult what was already an impossibility by the peculiar form of dialogue between himself and Rimbaud he has chosen. He has denied himself the chief advantage of this form, which consists in allowing a certain doubt to remain (the purely philosophic dialogue is not here in question) by making Rimbaud speak upon oath. Under Mr. Sackville West's heckling, which does not allow of much movement within the dialogue, Rimbaud states as facts those very things which must always remain doubtful, and it is just this certainty which prevents us from being persuaded to share Mr. Sackville West's view: among such things are his early Charleville love-affair, and his part in "Hombres." Again, it would have been better if Rimbaud's torture could have been given us in the words he utters; his phrases should pulsate with passion and pain, instead of being argumentative, and it is no compensation to have melodramatic stage directions, and a picture of him spread out upon a white-hot gate. Mechanism cannot perform the work of poetry. But Mr. Sackville West has made a courageous attempt, one might even say a foolhardy one, and for this alone his work is to be welcomed.

It would be interesting if M. Mauron could apply his method of literary valuation to Rimbaud's work. What precisely is the "psychological being" created by Rimbaud in any of his poems, or in the "Saison"? For M. Mauron this "psychological being" is the fundamental object of a work of literature, as volume is that of a plastic work of art. It is an unambitious little essay, in which M. Mauron is content if he can find "not the formula, but a few honest phrases which are not too absurd," but it does a great deal to clear the ground. As Mr. Roger Fry points out in his introduction, this new venture into the æsthetic bog applies strictly scientific methods of comparison; and although this is not new—is there not Mr. I. A. Richards's "Principles of Literary Criticism"?—it has all the freshness of approach of a man of scientific training tackling the subject as a purely scientific one. But it is doubtful if anything new will emerge, for clear thought is clear thought whatever the approach may be, and it is not surprising to find that Tchekhov, as shown by Mr. Koteliansky's last volume, had arrived at exactly the same conclusions as M. Mauron, who might have written: "Our present-day hot-heads want to grasp what is scientifically ungraspable, to grasp the physical laws of creative art, to detect the general law and formula by which an artist . . . creates musical compositions, landscapes, novels, &c." Tchekhov asked: "Have poetry and imaginative work explained a single phenomenon?" and M. Mauron writes: "There will come a time, I hope, when the pretension of a writer to contribute to psychology and even physiology (as Zola in the Rougon Macquart series) will appear as ridiculous as a pretension on the part of a landscape painter to contribute to geology or botany."

It will be seen that M. Mauron is no partisan of the scientific schools of painting. Far from it. He has no difficulty in destroying the purely scientific critic or painter, and making an essential distinction between a formula and a work of art. In an extremely lucid essay he abolishes many a prejudice both of the mob and of the precious coterie. There is little with which one need disagree, except where logic carries him a little too far, as when he makes a point of the plan of a cathedral not giving one the same emotion as the cathedral itself. In many cases one's conviction is strengthened, as of the fallacy of the scholastic distinction between form and content. It is, indeed, rather in destruction than in construction that M. Mauron succeeds; but he has indicated an instrument, even if he has not managed to make it. As Mr. Fry says, the interest in his speculations is the promise they contain "by reason of the prospects of further inquiry which they open to the mind." But many are called; none seem to be chosen.

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THE author has divided his book into four sections, entitled China in Peace, China in Chains, China in Revolt, and China a Nation. The first is the only one of abiding interest: in it Mr. T'ang Leang-Li has analyzed the spheres of authority and the limits of jurisdiction of the family, and of the local provincial and State authorities in an ideal Confucian State. No such State has ever existed; but this section of Mr. T'ang Leang-Li's book describes the method of government which enlightened Chinese authorities have striven to apply for countless centuries. It has to be admitted that this perfect Chinese polity, conceived several centuries before Christ, made provision for social regulations which have only recently been incorporated into the civilization of Europe. It has, for centuries, been axiomatic to every enlightened Chinaman that every subject of the Empire shall have a free education, sufficiently embracing to enable him to compete in the public examinations; that the public services shall be recruited solely from successful competitors regardless of their birth and origin, and that suitable provision shall be made in every village and township for the care of the old, the sick, and the infirm. Mr. T'ang Leang-Li might have added, in defence of the ancient polity of his country, that a civilization may be judged by its institutions or by the type of person that it produces. Chinese institutions have always been open to criticism; but China has produced many thousands of what may be called Confucian gentlemen: men whose pride it was to have qualified for responsible posts in the State by absorbing and assimilating the national literature, and by strictly practising the rules of conduct laid down by the great master in whose footsteps they strove to follow. They were, in the writer's opinion, as just, as honourable, as charitable, and as fair-minded a set of men as any civilization has ever produced.

When Mr. T'ang Leang-Li describes the oppression of China by the Western Powers, and denounces the lawlessness and avarice of European Governments, he loses his Confucian calm, and adopts all the restless habits of thought and expression of a heated advocate. The scientific historian of these troublesome times will certainly admit that China has a case against Europe; but he will not endorse all Mr. T'ang Leang-Li's arguments. Space does not permit us to follow and criticize the author's analysis of the extra-territorial rights and trade privileges enjoyed by Europeans in China, but it is none the less possible to touch lightly upon one aspect of these very large questions. Admittedly European privileges in China have often been extorted by force, and are regarded as a bitter grievance by many fair-minded and tolerant Chinese; but they were by no means so regarded in the beginning. There was a time when Chinese public opinion positively demanded that foreigners in China should live apart and manage their own affairs. The Chinese authorities were utterly averse to regulating the affairs of a community which they regarded as incurably eccentric: they did not wish to be responsible for the conduct of men who did not worship their ancestors, who were ignorant of the classics, who wrote in strange characters which they arranged in horizontal (instead of vertical) lines, who wore hot, tight fitting clothes in the height of summer, who walked side by side in the streets, who grasped one another's hands in greeting (instead of pressing their own hands together), and who carried about large sticks for beating innocent people.

This perfectly natural aversion of a conservative and highly civilized people to a crowd of strangers who seemed incapable of performing the ordinary acts of daily existence in an ordinary way, and whose outward and visible eccentricities must surely be the signs of their inner, spiritual aberrations, gave the first impetus to arrangements which, in the course of time, have become serious political grievances. We sincerely hope that these grievances will be removed; and that the new China of the Kuomintang will find scope for the qualities of those Chinese gentlemen whose collective endeavours have been responsible for so much that is great and noble in the civilization of China.

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For most readers the main interest of this book will lie in the two short papers from which it takes its title. In these papers Dr. Holland Rose argues that the application of science to war material, and the vast scale of land warfare as waged by the nation in arms, have inevitably reduced operations by land and sea to a process of slow attrition, with the equally inevitable result that belligerents will more and more seek to break down the deadlock by direct attack on the civil population.

This is a big thesis, which it is obviously impossible to discuss adequately within the limits of a review. As regards naval warfare, the author makes out a strong case for his contention that the net effect of long-range guns, mines and torpedoes, and wireless, has been to assist the belligerent desiring to evade contact. He seems, however, to stress these factors unduly in his examination of the Great War. It has always been a peculiarity of war at sea that a weaker fleet, willing to abandon to its opponent the command of the sea, with the resultant power of moving troops and dominating the trade-routes, could avoid action by remaining under the protection of shoal water or fortified bases. On such occasions, it has always sought the alternative of direct, sporadic attack on commerce, and the operations of the German submarines differ only in details of method from those of the frigates and privateers of the sailing era. It may be suggested also, that the author has not allowed sufficiently for the peculiar conditions of North Sea warfare, as exemplified, for instance, in the third Dutch war.

In the paper on land warfare, Dr. Holland Rose brings out very clearly his three main points—the strength conferred on the defence by machine guns and quick-firing rifles; the hampering effect of great masses, and of the impedimenta presented by a numerous artillery, on a war of movement, and the weakness in pursuit due to the decreased power of cavalry. It would be unfair, however, to assume that these factors have hitherto been ignored. While one school of professional thought is undoubtedly turning, as Dr. Holland Rose suggests, to the possibility of direct air attack on the enemy's political and economic nerve-centres, there is another school, prominently represented by General Sir Edmund Ironside, which holds that the development of tanks and mechanical transport will probably restore the war of movement, and turn the odds in favour of the small highly trained professional army.

Other papers in the volume deal competently, if with no great originality, with matters of naval history, such as "Plans of Invasion of the British Isles," and "The Influence of Sea Power on Indian History." One, on "Admiral Duckworth's Failure at the Dardanelles," will be read with special interest for its parallel with the events of 1915, and also for some new material from unpublished dispatches. That on "The British Title to Malta" has a relevance to present-day Mediterranean politics. The most interesting of them all is on "The State of Nelson's Fleet before Trafalgar." In this paper Dr. Holland Rose proves conclusively, from medical reports and statistics, the remarkable care given by Nelson to the health of his crews. Fresh meat and vegetables, good ventilation, airy sick-berths, Peruvian bark, "music, dancing, and theatrical amusements," had a great deal to do with the remarkable efficiency of the fleet throughout the long chase of Villeneuve, as well as in the battle itself. This is another blow to the foolish old tradition of Nelson as a mere *beau sabreur*, a sort of maritime Murat, and Dr. Holland Rose deserves our thanks for this fresh proof of how largely his genius consisted in an infinite capacity for taking pains.

C. ERNEST FAYLE.

By a lamentable lapse, the correction of a mistake in these columns repeated the error. We wish to make it clear that the price of "The History of the Merton Tapestry Works," by H. C. Marillier (Constable), is 7s. 6d., not 21s. as previously stated.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

JUNE, 1927. 3s. 6d. net.

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Further particulars may be obtained from the Chief Librarian, Town Hall, Croydon, to whom applications, with copies of not more than three recent testimonials, should be sent on or before Saturday, July 15th.

Town Hall, Croydon.
May 23rd, 1927.

JOHN M. NEWNHAM, Town Clerk.

LECTURES.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

A LECTURE under the Watson Chair Foundation of the Sulgrave Manor Board on "THE INFLUENCE OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LAWYERS IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION," will be given by Professor C. H. VAN TYNE, Ph.D. (Professor of History in the University of Michigan), at UNIVERSITY COLLEGE (Gower Street, W.C.1), on FRIDAY, JUNE 3rd, at 5.30 p.m. The Chair will be taken by The Right Hon. the Marquis of Reading, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., G.M.S.I., G.M.I.E.

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A COURSE of Three Lectures on EXPERIMENTAL VITAL STATISTICS will be given by Professor RAYMOND PEARL, Ph.D. (Director of the Institute for Biological Research in the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore), at UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON (Gower Street, W.C.1), on WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY, JUNE 8th, 9th, and 10th, 1927, at 5.30 p.m. At the First Lecture the Chair will be taken by Sir George S. Buchanan, Kt., C.B., M.D. (Senior Medical Officer in the Ministry of Health).

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A COURSE of Two Lectures on VICTOR HUGO'S "LES MISÉRABLES" will be given (in French) by M. Le Professeur ANDRÉ LÉ BRETON (Professor of French Language and Literature (Chaire Victor Hugo) at the Sorbonne), at BIRKBECK COLLEGE (Bream's Buildings, Fetter Lane, E.C.4), on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JUNE 8th and 9th, 1927, at 5.30 p.m. At the First Lecture the Chair will be taken by Michael Sadleir, Esq., M.A.

A Course of Three Lectures (illustrated with Lantern Slides) on CELTIC ART will be given by Professor R. A. S. MACALISTER, Litt.D., LL.D., F.S.A. (Professor of Celtic Archaeology, University College, Dublin), at UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON (Gower Street, W.C.1), on FRIDAY, JUNE 10th; MONDAY, JUNE 13th; and WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15th, 1927, at 5.30 p.m. At the First Lecture the Chair will be taken by Mr. C. R. Peers, C.B.E., M.A. (The Chief Inspector of Ancient Monuments and Historic Buildings).

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